THE MEREDITH EAGLE.

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WAITING FOR A LETTER.

The postman's hour draws near,
And into the quiet street
Through gossamer curtains peer
Two wistful eyes and sweet.
For many a weary morn
She has kept her station there,
That brave little heart forlorn,
That never will quite despair.
Slowly she turns away,
The crushed heart murmuring still,
"It has not come to-day—
To-morrow I know it will."

The postman knows her tale,
And it makes his old heart bleed;
Those blush-rose cheeks grown pale
Are pages a child might read.
Ah! letters enough he brings—
Great circulars blue and grim,
Slight feminine scented things—
But never a line from him.
Slowly she turns away,
The crushed heart murmuring still,
"It has not come to-day—
To-morrow I know it will."

Rat-tat! to the door she flies—
Oh, rapture keen and dumb!
Oh, eloquent cheeks and eyes!
Her letter has come—has come!
Oh, postman pocket the gold—
Full well thou hast earned the fee—
And treasure its thanks untold,
That are better than gold to thee!
Flow, happy fountains, flow,
Sweet founts that have long been dry!
Sorrow may tears forego,
But rapture must weep or die.

REV. F. LANGBRIDGE.

THE CRUISE OF THE TOM.

The Tom, of Baltimore, was a saucy hermaphrodite brig, whose men took great pride in the tony forty-two pounder which she carried amidships, and entertained also an exceeding admiration for the skill of their first lieutenant, Mr. Gale, who in all cases of emergency took upon himself the immediate direction of that destructive engine.

One extremely foggy night, off Bermuda, the Tom found herself in the midst of what seemed a fleet. The slips of a convoy always carried lights aloft after dark, in order that each might know the whereabouts of the others; but upon this occasion the air was so thick with mist that no light would show unless very close at hand; so that it was only at intervals that the crew of the privateer could detect the glimmer of one; yet the fact that they could occasionally do so proved their unknown neighbors to be much nearer than could have been wished under all the uncertainties of the case. It appeared probable that some of the strangers might be merchantmen and others men-of-war; but, of course, no definite conclusion could be arrived at in this respect.

As there fell at the moment an almost entire calm, the relative positions of the vessels could be changed but very slowly, if at all; but the men of the Tom keeping a careful silence, her proximity remained unknown to the others, whatever they might be. Now and then a light would show faintly through the fog, seeming to be close to the privateer, then becoming wholly obscured by an increasing density of the mist. The weather was precisely in that state which is apt to keep sailors at work shifting studding sails from one side to the other of their vessel, in order to profit by whatever light air there may be, as it comes now from starboard and now from port. Occasionally a boatswain's pipe was heard; and the hollow atmosphere permitted even the words of command on board of some of the strangers to be made out with great distinctness by the privateer's men. The sentences were somewhat like these:

"Lay h'aft, 'ere, and give a pull h'on that mizzen-top-s'l-'alyard! The yard's sagged—get it h-up w'ere 't belongs!"

"H'in with them larboard stunners'ls!"

"Small pull h'on the weather braces!"

"Come, h'up with the fore and main tacks and h'ease h'aff sommut h'on the sheets!"

"H'eight bells! Call the watch there."

The nationality of the strangers could no longer remain in doubt.

In the morning, after the sunbeams had dispersed the fog, it was found that the fleet consisted of three West Indiamen and a seventy-four-gun ship.

The man-of-war immediately gave chase to the Tom, then about three miles off, and, as the pursuer had the best of the breeze, the privateer's-men saw themselves in a position of no little peril. But, after the king's ship had succeeded in decreasing the distance by a third, she ceased to gain. The chase was continued in this manner for a number of hours—for the American captain, finding that the breeze had become steady, and consequently that he could sail three miles to the enemy's two, slung a drag under the Tom's bows in order to deaden her headway and give the Briton such hope of overtaking her as would cause him to continue the chase until he should be widely separated from the merchantmen.

Ere long the West India vessels were so far off that their top-masts could scarcely be seen above the bending ocean; and now the Tom began to try her great pivot-gun upon the seventy-four. It was longer and heavier than any of the enemy's guns, and, although the distance was two miles, Lieutenant Gale had strong hopes of being able to make his mark somewhere about the bulky Englishman.

"But you won't hit him at the first trial," said Captain Brown, the commander.

"No, I don't expect to," replied the lieutenant. "I guess about the third fire I'll plump a shot into him. The first may go over and the second under, but the third'll fetch him!"

Mr. Gale was no boaster, and seldom undertook more than he could perform.

The privateer was going very steadily, with but little rise and fall of the deck, so that the occasion was favorable, but still, even a big seventy-four-pounder at a distance of two miles could be no very encouraging mark for a single cannon ball.

In those days, the big guns were not fired as now, by means of percussion caps; but a man stood by with a slow-match and clapped it upon the priming at the word.

Mr. Gale took unusual pains in sighting the long forty-two. Once or twice he was upon the very point of giving the order to let drive, but hesitated and sighted again, the man with the match all the while standing with arm outstretched and the bright coal glowing. Now a little higher, and again a little lower; was brought the muzzle of the huge cannon, as the lieutenant squinted along the iron, till the lookers-on became impatient for the flash and roar.

"O, never mind the first shot," said the captain; "you'll have to try a good many times before you hit the fellow!"

"I know it," said Mr. Gale, still squinting intently and never looking up; "but I want to come as near as—ah, there! a little lower! I want to come as near as —Fire!"

Down came the burning match, and the whole vessel shook at the roar of the forty-two. For a moment the smoke was blinding—and what a smell of burnt powder there was about the deck!

"I saw a gray streak," said the captain; "and a mighty straight one, too! but I didn't see where it ended, for the smoke was in my way."

"If the ball had struck the water," said one of the officers, "we should have seen it skip, I think. I had a glimpse of something between us and the enemy, but I don't know what became of it."

Every one looked anxiously toward the seventy-four; and in a minute or two some operations were observed on board of her which made the excitement intense.

"Hello!" exclaimed Captain Brown, "what does that mean? They have lowered their head-yards and are hauling up their foresail! My soul! they must have got that shot through their foremast! They're afraid the mast will go over, and are getting in all their headsails as fast as possible! Look at the hands going up the fore-rigging! And there they start their fore-topsail sheets! You'll see the yard alive with men in a minute!"

By the time the sails were clewed up, those who were to furl them were lying out on the yards in long dark rows. With that numerous crew there was a simultaneous handling of foresail, top-sail, topgallantsail, and royal—as, indeed, would have been the case with all the canvass upon the ship had necessity required it to be taken off; and even also would have had a large force to spare.

But just as the sails had been handsomely stowed under the gaskets, the masts began to waver. Faster and faster it inclined to leeward, then, suddenly, as if the weather rigging itself had given away, down it went with all its hamper, broken short off by the deck! It was a startling spectacle. Lowermast, top-mast, topgallantmast, royalmast, yards, men, and all, plunged splashing into the water.

There was a most lively scrambling among the wrecked spars and rigging where the numerous fellows who had been aloft were seen like so many engulfed rats; but, as was afterward ascertained, the casualties were fewer than might have been expected—only three men being lost, although four or five others were somewhat injured.

From the loss of all her head canvas the seventy-four was obliged to take in all her sails on the mizzen also, as otherwise she would not answer her helm. She, however, kept everything set on the mainmast, and, bringing her broadside to bear on the privateer, sent the round shot whistling thick and fast. Nevertheless, the distance being somewhat too great for her guns, the execution done was very little.

Mr. Gale repeated his fire with the forty-two-pounder a dozen or twenty times, but could not succeed in bringing down another spar, although he evidently hulled her more than once. A number of her own shot reached the privateer; one of them rolling across the deck, wounding a marine in the foot, and bringing up the opposite plank-sheer. A few of them went hustling past with great force, while others fell short.

"This is time lost," said Captain Brown. "You have disabled her, Mr. Gale—good for you! But we have no further business here—we are sure of the West Indiamen now, and I am going after them forthwith!"

The wind had freshened, and the Tom was put in chase of the merchantmen. They were more than twenty miles off but it was soon discovered that they had lost the breeze which was helping the privateer; and, coming up with them near sunset, she captured all three.

Upon a subsequent cruise, the Tom, with the same officers as before, and with many of her former crew, went ranging along the coast of Africa. Here, upon rounding a bluff which sheltered a little inlet, her captain discovered a Guineaman lying coxily in the basin, and, going in, dropped anchor within a cable's length of her.

Not a soul appeared upon her deck, but on her stern were read the words, "Gambia—Liverpool," which gave the Yankee commander all the information he desired. A boat was manned, and the vessel, which was a large square-rigged brig, taken possession of; still without arousing any one to call this summary proceeding in question.

Lieutenant Gale, who was in command of the boat's crew, went into the cabin, where he found the English captain lying on a transom fast asleep! He had his hand on a book, which lay partly open, and the reading of which had probably been a powerful adjunct to drowsiness. At all events his slumber must have been very profound, to have suffered no interruption from what had been going on so near him. Opening his eyes, he stared in astonishment at the American officer, whose undress uniform had a suspicious look.

"H'indeed, sir!" he said, "'ow is this? Who are you, sir, if a man may h'ask?"

"I am a naval officer, sir," replied Mr. Gale.

"Ah, yes! I see! One of 'is Majesty's blue-jackets, I must 'ope, sir?"

"Not quite that, sir," replied Mr. Gale. "The majesty I serve is called 'The Sovereign People.' I am first lieutenant of the privateer Tom, of Baltimore, to which vessel your brig has become a prise! I am sorry for your misfortune, but it is our business to make war on England's commerce, as it is her policy to distress us."

The English captain yielded sadly to his fate. His officers and men, he explained, were all gone on shore, and he himself, having had no particular business on hand at the moment, had sat down to read in the cabin, and so fallen asleep.

The Gambria proved to be one of the richest prizes ever captured by an American privateer. She was of about three hundred tons burden, and had almost completed her cargo for home. Its bulk consisted mostly of palm-oil, tamarinds, and valuable wood; but she had likewise an unusual amount of gold dust and ivory, with an abundance of ostrich feathers and various kinds of choice gum. She was, beside, a fine new vessel, upon her first voyage.

The British crew, upon coming down to the shore, were much surprised to find their brig a prize to a Yankee privateer, and would not pull off to her. The captain, at his own request, was set on shore among them; all the private effects of himself and his men being restored, and several hundred dollars in gold also returned from the cargo, in order to relieve the mariners who had thus lost their floating home. The captain said that himself and men would remain at a Portuguese station at a little distance down the coast until an opportunity should offer of getting home.

Running along the coast of Senegambia, the Tom fell in with the stranger—a ship of three hundred and fifty tons or thereabout, well-armed and full of men. To the surprise of the Americans, she hoisted a black flag! She was a pirate, in search of prey; and the captain, rightly believing that the privateer must have a good amount of gold on board, engaged her in a very spirited manner. The buccaneer was considerably superior in force, but his men were ill-disciplined, and their gunnery was wretched in the extreme.

It was now that Mr. Gale's skill with the forty-two pounder was again turned to account. After a number of broadsides had been exchanged, he succeeded in putting a shot into the pirate's hull several feet below the water line. This was done as the enemy rolled in the heavy swell which happened then to be running, thus exposing a part of his hull which in smooth water would have been hidden.

As the spot was again instantly submerged, of course a perfect torrent began to pour in through the hole. Mr. Gale knew what had been done, for, in spite of the smoke, he had seen where his great cannon-ball had struck.

The pirates, finding their vessel in danger of sinking, hurriedly ran inboard all the guns on that side, at the same time running out those on the opposite side—hoping by this expedient to so careen the ship as to bring the hole out of water. But the moment that so much weight was shifted, over she went!

The hatches being open, the ship filled immediately, and in less than five minutes she sank with her whole crew! The Tom had one man killed and two wounded in the engagement.

The name of the pirate ship was never ascertained, nor was that of her captain; but that she was an enemy of most gloomy and threatening front the privateer's-men could well attest.

Standing to the northward until in the track of vessels from Europe to the West Indies, our patriotic adventurers next descried a heavy ship which proved a more worthy foe, if a less desperate one. She was the Townsend, a mail packet, sailing between Falmouth and Barbadoes.

The English captain, feeling that he had much at stake, used every exertion to defend the property entrusted to his care. His ship carried more guns than the privateer, and they were well manned.

She had a strong crew, and, beside, many of her numerous passengers also took part in the battle, so that, altogether, she was a really formidable antagonist. One of her shots, striking the Tom on the starboard quarter, went into the cabin, where it tore through the captain's beeth, and, going across to the port side, lodged in the lieutenant's mattress.

But the Tom's forty-two-pounder made sad work on board the Townsend, cutting up her hull and spars and spreading destruction among her defenders. At length, when their captain and a number of others were killed, the Englishmen struck their colors. First, however, they threw overboad the ship's mail, in order that the Americans might not profit by any information or other matter that it contained.

It was not sufficiently heavy to sink immediately, and the privateer's men, perceiving it as it floated, lowered their boat and secured it.

A proposition was now made, by the officer whom the death of the English captain had left in command, to ransom the ship in order that she might proceed on her voyage; and the arrangement was presently effected, the sum paid being forty thousand dollars, which, considering the value of the ship and cargo, was not excessive.

A romantic incident occurred in connection with the capture of this ship. One of the Tom's younger officers showed much kindness to an English lad, who, although only a passenger, had taken a brave part in the battle, and received a severe wound. The English youth remembered the kindhearted American, and a year afterward in the West Indies, when peace had been declared, the two again met.

The American, who was a young gentleman of good parentage, and a fine education, became introduced to a sister of the youth he had befriended, and a mutual attachment sprang up between them. Six months later they were married; and their subsequent life, spent partly in the Barbadoes and partly in the United States, was a prosperous and happy one.

So the voyages of American privateer's-men were not always without associations which were softer than the roar of cannon or the call of the boatswain's pipe. There was sometimes a rainbow of this description resting upon the very smoke of battle.

Few privateers were more active than the Tom, and few had more of romantic novelty in their ocean record. Her appearance is said to have been jaunty and rakish in the extreme; and one would, indeed, be apt to guess as much.

WRECKS IN WASHINGTON.

The Sad Downfall of Men of Influence.

[From the Philadelphia Press.]

The streets of Washington are lined with old battered wrecks that the waves and winds of politics have cast ashore from time to time. A young man with ability and ambition, but with no money, is lured to Washington by the fickle light of social and political prominence. I do not care whether he comes to the Senate, whether he is at the head of a bureau, an officer of Congress or even a department clerk. The life is gay and easy, and most inviting and seductive. Money comes easy. He forgets to look at it for what it is worth, and is gradually drawn into the thoughtless, selfish life and habits by which he is surrounded. He does not study, he does not improve, but year by year becomes less fitted for self-support. He loses his energy, if he ever had any. He loses his ambition. But there comes a flood and he is swept from his moorings. The party has changed, or his political "influence" has changed, and he finds himself with the same idle habits, but without a salary. He cannot or will not go back to his old home and begin anew, but he stays here, and year by year [illegible] into office. How he lives [illegible] time heaven only knows. There are honorable exceptions, but they only serve to establish the rule. Some of the richest and most prominent citizens began life in Washington as department clerks. I will not mention names. It is a fact, however, well known here, that a majority of those who are forced out of public life and settle in Washington, turn out as "ne'er-do-wells." I know a graduate of Harvard College who was himself a president of a college, a Senator in Congress; and subsequently in a position of almost unequalled power, who "settled" in Washington. Drink and crime brought him to ruin, and he was, if I am not wrong, once in jail and many times in the station house. He was a superior scholar, an eloquent speaker and an able thinker. It was not unusual for him to accost his former friends and ask for a quarter to buy something to eat. Where he is now, I do not know. I know of as sad a case in the Lower House—a man of commanding mind and presence, and rarely gifted as an orator. He was at one time a member of the Constitutional Convention of Kentucky, afterward a member of the State Legislature of California, and was elected to codify the laws of that State; was an elector on the French ticket in 1858, was receiver of public moneys in one of the Territories and subsequently Surveyor-General, and then served two terms in the House. He was sought by all the scientific, religious and literary societies here, and stood as high as any man in either branch of Congress. Well, what of it? you ask. Well, this of it. For several years past that man kept one of lowest dives in the city, where young men and weak men were lured by rum, cards and women. He died the other day in this miserable hotel, and was followed to his grave by a depraved creature of the town, whom he called his wife.

How He Made It Pay.

It is stated that when Orange Judd began the publication of the *American Agriculturist* in New York city, with little if any capital, he advertised in the newspapers as much as he felt able to pay for. In this manner he struggled along with difficulty for some time until one evening he gave an advertisement and also one hundred dollars to his office boy, directing him to go to the *Tribune* office, pay up his indebtedness for previous advertising, and to have the new one inserted in a small space, as usual on credit. Fortunately, however, for him, the boy blundered and told the *Tribune* to give the new advertisement all the space for one day that $100 would pay for, thus leaving the old debt unpaid. When Mr. Judd on the following morning looked at his advertisement and saw how it was spread out he asked the boy what message he had given to the paper, and when told he was in agony, declaring that he was ruined, not knowing how he could gather in money enough to pay his old advertising account. But within twenty-four hours orders began to come in so fast and they continued to come so long that Mr. Judd found he had discovered the secret of successful advertising, and from that moment his fortune changed and led on to wealth.

THE Wall street sandwich—Bull on one side, bear on the other, and a little girl. Hattie Scott, you may go."

A CURIOUS LIFE.

Those Led by the Men Who Make Newspapers.

What a curious life journalism opens to its devotees! Some fellows sit quietly in their offices from 8 o'clock at night until 2 in the morning doing nothing but reading what other people have written, striking out here, putting in there, knowing absolutely nothing of the world except that which they read of, sleeping the better part of it at home, giving to their families not more than three or four waking hours, rarely if ever going to places of public amusement, avoiding as far as possible all individual responsibilities, humdrumming through life, busy, active, useful, but uninformed out of certain grooves. Others devote themselves to specialties, in which they become proficient, aside from which they know no more than the ordinary merchant or broker. Others, again, are immersed in politics, writing upon no other subject. Some deal with conventions exclusively. Writers on art, whether it be dramatic, lyric or the work of the painter, are of no special use as general newspaper men, but seek and find well paid employment upon great newspapers which can afford specialists.

Then there is the correspondent, here to-day, there to-morrow, and somewhere else all the rest of the time. With his eyes open he has it in his power to know everything knowable—in a superficial way. He meets the great men of the country and the little ones, and is known to them by name and sight. He is always welcomed, because he has it in his power to serve. If he were to be stricken blind, or with paralysis, or be laid up beyond the possibility of convalescence and recuperation, they would see him in Hades before they would put their hands in their pockets to the extent of $1 for him or his.

Correspondents, by the way, are divided into sundry classes. Some men have noses for news and nothing else. They scent an item from afar. Others are enterprising in the last degree. They not only know a good thing when they see it, but they see it before anybody else is aware of its existence and understand how to utilize it for the benefit of their employers. There are gossip writers, men who know nothing except stories about this, that and the other man or woman. If the gossip can have an unpleasant flavor to it, all the better. They are mud slingers, stirrers of communities, people who are shunned by reputable and thoughtful men, chiefly because it is unsafe to talk in their presence, men who do not hesitate to repeat private conversations, to violate the sanctities of confidential communications, who would steal an idea from a telegraph wire, or read an opened letter on a friend's desk without the slightest compunction.—JO. HOWARD.

How Bananas are Raised.

Everybody knows who has eaten a banana, the pulp is seedless. The plants are propogated from other plants, so that the stock is not likely to run out. The plant requires for vigorous growth a deep rich soil, abundantly watered. With these conditions present there is said to be no risk of a crop in the hot regions where alone the fruit is produced. Nine months after a cutting has been planted a purple bud appears in the centre of the unfolding leaves that shoot out from the head of the parent stem. The stem on which the bud appears grows rapidly above the main stalk. As the bud increases in weight the stem bends downward by a graceful curve, on the extremity of which this bud continues to grow till, the purple blossoms falling off, little shoots appear as the embryo fruit. Each fruit has a yellow blossom at its outward extremity. At the end of from three to four months the fruit has grown to maturity, and is picked long enough before it is "dead ripe" to preserve it in marketable condition. From the roots of the parent stalk other shoots appear, which are trimmed out or left to grow, as the cultivator may deem best. A single stalk, therefore, bears only one bunch or crop as its life work. Spaniards have a religious reverence for the banana, believing it to be the fruit of which Adam partook.

This fruit has long been regarded as extremely nutritious. It is recommended above all others for invalids who are unable to swallow hardier food. An estimate by Humboldt claims that 44,000 pounds of bananas can be produced on the soil that would be required for 1,000 pounds of potatoes, and that the same area that would be required to raise wheat enough for one man would produce enough bananas to feed twenty-five men.

A Singular Scene.

Louis Hartenstein and the young woman he was about to marry were before the altar in the Holy Trinity Church at New Orleans. The church was filled. While the priest was performing the ceremony a young girl with brown hair, wearing a neat calico dress, and carrying an infant in her arms, came up the aisle and laid the child upon the trailing veil of the bride. A disturbance arose. Some of those who had come to be witnesses to the ceremony denounced Hartenstein. The priest escorted the couple to his residence, and the brown-haired girl in calico was arrested on the charge of disturbing the peace. She was arraigned for trial a few days ago. Father Reichardt, the priest, testified that on the day on which the marriage was to take place the girl called on him and told him that she was going to the church. He advised her not to take that course, and she went away. Then he sent for Hartenstein and the young woman he was to marry. Hartenstein denied the truth of the girl's charge, and the young woman said that, notwithstanding the accusation, she would marry him. After other witnesses had testified and the lawyers had made their speeches, the Judge said that he would impose penalties to the full extent allowed by the law on any person who dared to disturb the peace of any church within his jurisdiction, but in this case it had not been proved that the accused girl had made any disturbance. The outcry had been made by the spectators, who were incensed at Hartenstein's conduct. "And," he went on, "the Court therefore discharges this poor, deceived, deserted girl. Hattie Scott, you may go."

ORANGE COUNTY ONIONS.

A Rich Harvest From a Reclaimed Bog.

A letter from Chester, Orange county, N. Y., says:

The Erie Railroad passes through the finest parts of Orange county—that rich agricultural region whence milk and gilt-edged butter were wont to come in days of yore. From the thriving little town of Monroe on the east to the conservative hamlet of Howells on the west, the eye of the traveler over the Erie is greeted with a constant succession of meadow land waving in luxuriant green, fields of tasselled corn, rank potato vines and orchards of apples, pears, peaches, and other fruits. At frequent intervals herds of cattle pasturing in deep aftermath are seen, among them the belted Dutch, Ayrshire, and Jersey. The farm-houses are neatly painted, with large barns, giving evidence of the general prosperity of the owners. The roads are fine, and the "turn-outs" handsome.

But there is one section of this county which, at this season, attracts the attention of the traveler through the sense of the olfactories as well as the eye. It is the Chester onion meadows. Here 700 acres of land, lying on both sides of the Erie Railroad, over half of which is used in growing onions. The land is level, and stretches far away in the valley. At a not very remote day this land was covered with water—a small inland lake. Later it became a bog-meadow, covered with almost useless wild hay. For years the owners of this land were ready to sell it at almost any price. It was not supposed that any crop could be profitably cultivated thereon, and no attempt was made to do so.

A quarter of a century ago Mr. William Conklin, the owner of a large tract of the meadows, attempted to grow onions in a small patch. The venture proved so successful that he gradually increased the acreage year after year. In time the few other owners of this wild land followed the example of Mr. Conklin; the onion crop began to grow profitable; the land became more valuable and found ready purchasers at constantly increasing prices; and to-day there is no farm land in Orange county worth as much as these same Chester onion meadows, which not many years ago were considered almost valueless.

Of these 700 acres, over 350 are used exclusively in the cultivation of onions. The ground is a black soil and very rich, but it is found to do best by mixing with it upland earth, coal ashes and manure. The crop this year will be very large, the season having been a favorable one. An average yield is 150 barrels to the acre, and the yield this year will probably be 200 barrels. This will give a total of 70,000 barrels.

It is expected that the price will range from fifty cents to $3 per barrel, with an average of $1.50 per barrel, making the total value of the crop $105,000—a valuable 350 acres of farming land, it must be admitted. At present the price of native onions is low. This is said to be in consequence of the shipping to the market some time ago of green onions—that is, those which had not matured, and which do not look well in the market. The onions are now looking well, and these meadows will in a few weeks be covered with busy workers, hurriedly gathering the odoriferous crop, the scent of which now salutes all who come within half a mile of the fields.

The Loss of the Arctic.

The steamship Arctic left Liverpool, bound for New York, on September 20th, 1854, and on the 27th of the same month during a dense fog off Cape Race, came in collision with the French iron propeller Vesta. Capt. Luce, supposing the propeller to be badly injured and in danger of sinking, while he believed his own ship uninjured, made a superficial examination of the latter and then sent off four of his own boats to look for the Vesta, which meanwhile, badly disabled, was heading for Halifax, which it succeeded in reaching safely. In less than half an hour after the boats had gone, Captain Luce discovered that his own steamer was leaking very badly, and the conviction was forced upon him that she must soon go down. Guns were fired and other signals used to recall the boats, but they were too far off to respond to the signals for aid. The remaining boats were hurriedly launched, but they were insufficient to accommodate one-third of those on the fated steamer. In the midst of the confusion the vessel went down. Capt. Luce had been requested by a portion of his crew who had seized a boat, to save himself, but he nobly refused, and, with his little son in his arms, went down with the vessel into the vortex. He was destined to be saved, however. He rose to the surface with his little son, and had thrown one arm around a floating spar, when a piece of the wreck came to the surface, toppled over, and killed the boy in his father's arms. Capt. Luce, with several others, were subsequently picked up and brought to port. Of a total of 430 persons on board 307 were lost.

A Secret.

A Western postmaster has written to the Post Office Department at Washington, as follows: "I desire to know whether, in case a suspected horse thief whose mail is accumulating in this office, shall write to me to forward it to him at another office, I will be justified in disclosing his address." Judge Freeman, Assistant Attorney-General for the Department, is of the opinion that even in such a case as this a postmaster must respect the confidential relations between himself as an official and the patrons of his office, and must refuse to disclose any private information received by him in his official capacity.

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO SMILE OVER THIS WEEK.

It Might Have Been—A Little Worrying—Conundrums—Neglected His Family—A Good Many of Them.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"May I see the Ballville *Register?*" The gentleman from Iowa addressed one of the *Herald* staff, who happened to be in the exchange room.

"Certainly, sir; take a seat; the exchange editor will be in soon."

"I am the editor of the *Register*. I regard the *Herald* as the best paper in my exchange list."

"Yes? Well, we will deem the *Register* the best paper in Iowa. Indeed, we all stand at the door when Albert brings the mail and grab for the Ballville *Register*. It is full of ideas, and we get subjects for editorials and special articles by the yard from it. We couldn't get along without the *Register*."

Journalistic courtesy of this kind is due from one editor to another. Presently the exchange editor came in.

"May I see the Ballville *Register?*"

"Certainly. You'll find it in the waste basket." Violent gesticulations from the courteay editor. "That *Register* is the very poorest paper that sneaks into this office," continued the exchange man, amid a shower of desperate gesticulations and vain "ahems." "I never saw a copy of the *Register* that had an idea in it as big as an O with the rim knocked off. I always pitch the blamed thing into the waste basket as soon as I see the wrappee. I don't know what they keep sending it here for."

The editor of the courtesy department vainly threw his shoulders out of joint and then left the room. When he came back the Iowa editor was gone. "Say, that was the editor of the *Register*."

The exchange editor jumped into the waste basket and pulled the lid down.—*Chicago Herald.*

WHY HE GROWLED.

Everybody had been abusing the poor old conductor because his train was four hours behind time, and the man was nearly worn out explaining that it was not his fault.

"It's a shame," exclaimed an aged gentleman, at length. "Conductor, if any one else finds fault with you, you can call me as a witness that you did the best you could."

"Thanks," murmured the conductor, brightening up at the prospect of one friend on the train.

"I think we are getting on fast enough," continued the old gentleman, turning to the most obstreperous of the passengers.

"You travel on a pass, don't you?" growled the passenger.

"I do," replied the old gentleman.

"Good for sixty days, isn't it?" sneered the passenger again.

"It is," responded the old gentleman.

"No wonder you are in no hurry," grumbled the other man. "I have only got a trip ticket that expires in thirty days, and I haven't any money for another if we don't get there before my ticket runs out. That's all."—*Travelers' Magazine.*

THE AMERICAN.

He is a Colonel or Judge,
Or, perhaps, LL. D.,
Or a Major or General, he,
And when he's no higher
They call him Esquire,
And search for his family tree.
—*Louisville Journal.*

NOTHING TO WORRY OVER.

A horse belonging to a colored man, and attached to an ash wagon, was standing at the corner of Woodward avenue and John R. street yesterday, when he suddenly lurched forward and fell over. A crowd collected, and the owner came hurrying up.

Various opinions were expressed as to what ailed the equine, and the owner finally appealed to a citizen to tell him what he thought.

"Why, it seems to me to be a plain case of poll-evil, pink-eye, string-halt, glanders, botts, and the epizootic," was the reply.

"Thanks. Dat takes a powerful burden off de ole man's mind. Do you know dat when I fust cum runnin up an saw de ole hoss lyin' dar' wid his eyes closed and his legs all twisted up I made up my mind dat sometin' sorter serious had cotched on. I'll walk him home an' gin him a leetle saleratus water to brace him up. Glad you was heah, sah, 'cause I'd have bin worried."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A GOOD MANY OF THEM.

A certain hotel on Long Island has long been famous for its superior dinners, the proprietor being an excellent caterer. He is also a fine sportsman, and during the shooting season the hotel is allowed to run itself. Of late years he has become quite deaf, and this affliction was the occasion of a funny incident.

He had shot quite a number of golden plover, and was in his office stroking the birds and arranging the feathers preparatory to sending them as a present to a worthy friend. While thus occupied a certain doctor arrived by the stage from the train, and stepping into the office, thus interviewed the proprietor of the hotel:

"Can I get a room?"

"Fine birds," said the hotel man, intent on his employment.

"Can I get a room?" inquired the would-be guest.

"Golden plover they're called—golden plover," was the reply.

"Well you must be a confounded fool!" said the now impatient doctor.

"Yes; good many of them about here now—good many of them about here now!" was the prompt and rather startling reply.

The doctor "smelt a mice" by this time, secured a room, and before he left told this story, which the hotel man laughed over as heartily as anyone.

NEGLECTED HIS FAMILY.

"No, sir, I utterly and positively refuse to listen to any excuse from you," said the Austin recorder emphatically.

"But, your honor"—

"There are no mitigating circumstances whatever. I have no sympathy for the man who neglects his family."

"I didn't neglect my family. I only gave my neighbor's boy a warming up."

"That's just it. That's the trouble. Here you have a house full of children of your own, and yet you go out on the street and wallop a strange child to whom you were under no obligations to whip, and leave your own children unpunished. Yes, sir, you are mulct, sir; actually mulct in the sum of ten dollars and costs. Call the next case."—*Texas Siftings.*

TWO CONUNDRUMS.

"Aw, can you tell me, Miss Fair," queried George Washington LaDude, after a brief period of intense study, "why tho—aw—Ponto's caudal appendage is like a coming event?"

"No, Mr. LaDude."

"Well, aw, it is something to a cur, don't you know—ha! ha!"

"Very good, Mr. LaDude, very good. But can you tell me why your hat is like a bad habit?"

"Why, er-r, aw; well, no—why is it?"

"Because it is something to a void."

"Oh! weally, now, Miss Fair, you are just too bad for anything, don't you know?"—*The Judge.*

HE GUESSED IT.

"I don't know," said the thin Chicago drummer, with the tight pants and toothpick shoes, as he sat in front of the Grand in the most killing attitude, "why all your Cedar Rapids ladies gaze on me so. Don't you have any handsome men of your own here?"

"Oh, yes, we have a few," said the drug clerk.

"Then why do they eye me so closely? I've made more mashes sitting right here than I ever did in any town before."

"Yes. But I don't think these were mashes you made here exactly."

"Well, what makes them eye me so closely, then?"

"I tell you what I think," said the clerk; "the women here all have the croquet fever, but they can't get mallets enough to suit them. They are probably thinking what nice light mallets your legs would make if they were cut off and dried, and, with your feet left on the end they could shut their eyes and never miss a ball. They'd sweep off every ball on the whole ground."

A BIG LOAD.

An Austrian Lieutenant came upon two private soldiers, one of whom was lying dead drunk on the ground, while his comrade was standing near the inebriate, apparently in a quandary as to what to do.

"Is the man unconscious?" asked the Lieutenant.

The soldier saluted and replied:

"No, Lieutenant; he has only been drinking a little too much."

"Then why don't you make him move on?"

"Beg pardon, but nobody can move on who is as drunk as he is. You couldn't move on, Lieutenant, if you were, neither could a Major if he was that far gone. I really don't believe, Lieutenant, that the Colonel of the regiment himself could get up if he had as big a load as that private soldier has on board."—*Austin Siftings.*

Printing Fabrics in Japan.

The means employed for figuring fabrics would, to our mechanical manufacturers, appear so ridiculously primitive and round-about as to only produce a laugh. Yet these fabrics have the subtle charm of handwork denied to our correctly-printed designs. No doubt our machines are marvels of scientific adjustment, but in the commonest Japanese cotton the tiresome uniformity we studiously aim at is on principle avoided. Stenciling is largely employed, and in a great variety of ways and variations of manner. A printer will cut out a series of leaves in paper, and lay them on his material, then bury them by means of a trowel in a sort of thick "resist." The leaves are afterward carefully removed with a pin, and when the "resist" is dry the fabric can be put in the dye-vat and the leaves made of their natural color. One of the most curious processes to watch is when the artist employs a sort of bird-lime, instead of thread, to outline his design.

He takes a small piece of this glutinous mixture on a skewer, touches the point where he wishes to begin, and draws a thread of convenient length. Placing the middle finger of the left hand under the fabric, he can let the ductile thread drop to any part of the stuff, and so go on forming the design even to such minute details as the stamens of flowers. This sticky substance can be drawn out to any length, like candy sugar, and kept an even thickness if necessary. When it is desirable to increase the breadth of the lines, a conical tube of oiled paper filled with the mucilage is used, from which a wider thread can be gradually dropped along. When the outline is finished the colors are added. The fabric is then steamed, and the outline removed by being rinsed in fresh water. If the ground is to be dyed, the paintings are covered with a "resist" before immersion. In pieces of silk, no matter what length, and even where the pattern is repeated, the outlines are done by hand.

A FOREST fire in British Columbia exploded a powder mill. Every pane of glass in a village near by was broken, and everybody exclaimed: "Why, have the schools opened again?"

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Tickets West, Northwest, South and Southwest, via Grand Trunk Ry, Vicksburg R. R. (Mississippi Central Line), Penn. Railroad from New York, Boston and Savannah Steamship Co., Ocean Steamship Co., (N. Y. and Savannah Line), To and From Europe, via Allan, Liverpool Royal Mail and Cunard Steamships. Berths and staterooms secured in advance. For Tickets or Information address

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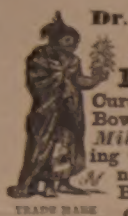

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S. KENNA.
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NORTH WEARE, N. H., Oct. 4 1880.

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DR. CLARK JOHNSON:—I had a Weak Stomach and was unable to attend to my work, and could not eat to keep up my strength. I purchased some of your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP and was greatly benefited by its use.

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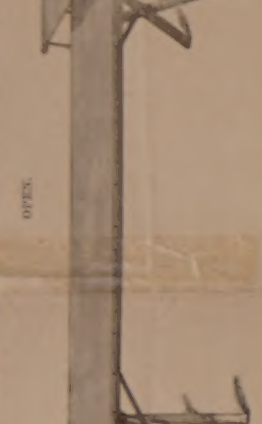

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PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD.

OUR WESTERN LETTER.

MICHIGAN CITY, IND., Aug. 15, 1883.

To the Editor of the Democrat:

There has been a sad fatality attending the officers connected with the old Montreal road. I have often thought of it. Hardly one who has carried any length of time in that capacity, survives to tell the tale. They have been called to pay that tribute due to nature.

When I commenced railroading in 1853 on the Montreal road, James N. Elkins was superintendent. At that time the system of railroad management was in rather a crude state, or at least, I thought so.

Mr. Elkins was formerly conductor on the Concord road. He was a very pleasant gentleman, and no doubt was a very popular conductor, but as a railroad superintendent he was not a success. His time on the Old Road was short. He was taken ill with typhoid fever soon after I enlisted, and passed "Over the River."

James M. Whiton then took command; and like Grant when he commanded the Army of the Potomac he was commander-in-chief, clothed with full authority. And he made some radical changes on the Old Road and revolutionized the system of management, making a vast improvement. He was a man of great ability, and possessed a powerful will. Bold, energetic, quick of decision, fertile in resources; he would have made a splendid general. I never went to him for orders on railroad matters but what he had a ready answer, no hesitation, and when he gave his opinion that settled it. He remained at the helm only a few short years before he was called to pass the charmed boundary. I shall never forget that afternoon when the poor man was stricken with apoplexy. It was on Saturday. I was alone with him in his office at the time. He was sitting at his desk writing a letter. I noticed he appeared singular, and stepped over to him, and asked if he was ill. He replied that a dizziness had come over him, but that it would pass off presently. I passed a glass of water to him, he drank a little, then pushed his chair back and slipped to the floor. I immediately ran around the desk and lifted him into the chair; and as I was raising him from the floor he said: "Rogers, I am helpless as a child." Those were the last words he uttered this side the dividing river. I called in Messrs. Dodge and Lattram from their office and went for Doctor Lang. As the doctor came and saw the situation he shook his head, and said he cannot recover." We took him to his home across the river in an unconscious state and he remained so until the next day when dissolution took place, and he was no more.

John T. Coffin, Esq., of Laconia then assumed the management. Mr. Coffin was not a practical railroad man. But he understood the financial part. He was a good honest man, and was beloved by all the subordinates on the Old Road. The trustees had possession of the road at that time, but arrangements were soon made whereby it reverted into the hands of the stockholders. Mr. Quincy, the president, was removed and John E. Lyon was placed in command, while Mr. Dodge took the reins as superintendent.

And now the sad intelligence comes to me that another has journeyed to the "City of the dead." Your tele gram was received bearing the unwelcome news that my old friend and companion-in-arms, Joseph A. Dodge, had joined

"The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death."

It seems like a dream. How true it is, that we have no lease of life. We are here to-day and off to-morrow. Man comes into this world under sentence of death. He goes hence never to report to those he leaves behind report-ing the life beyond. The shaft has been hurled into my friend and native town of late, with fearful frequency; sparing neither eminence nor usefulness, nor length of service. But there is no appeal for relief from the great law of nature which dooms us to the dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest; and the flowers that bloom and wither in a day have no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps.

Mr. Dodge was a man different from any of his predecessors. I think I knew him well, having been intimately associated with him twenty-two years, in the old railroad office under the shadow of that majestic old elm. And those were halcyon days. I received a letter from him last winter while he was tarrying in Monterey, California, in which he said: "Do you remember when you and our mutual friend Ripley and myself did nearly all the work in the old office? Ah! those were my happiest days; how I would like to live them over again!" Those yesterdays I well remember, and I also remember the first time I ever saw my old friend. It was at Meredith Village before the road was completed to Plymouth. I was then a stable boy at work for the Eastern Stage Company. "Uncle" "Jim" Langdon was superintendent, and he sent me down there with a horse he had sold to parties in Boston. I recollect I left home at three in the morning, arriving at Meredith Village at six and shipped the horse from there by freight. As I went into the depot I saw a man moving about with head erect giving orders regarding shipments. Seth Greenleaf was conductor and assisted me in shipping the horse, and I asked him who that man was; he said his name was Dodge, station agent at that place. Little did I think on that morning that I should ever become associated with him in railway management. I remember veteran Jim Bedee was there at that time assisting, and afterwards he was appointed station agent; and I understand he still hangs out there doing business at the old stand as of yore.

Mr. Dodge had a splendid physique, and his early discipline was in the stern but healthful school of poverty. He marched out to battle with the world in the vigor of his manhood; self-reliant, simple in his manner, frugal in his habits; cautious, yet a bold prudence; and with the endeavor to serve faithfully in the duties that devolved upon him. His power of endurance was great. He had muscles of iron and nerves of steel, and you would have selected him as a man destined to have lived to a green old age. He was an honest man. No funds except what were rightfully his ever stuck to his fingers. He kept his hands clean.

He was a man deeply impressed with the truth of his convictions, and supported them with an earnestness born of sincerity. His heart was bound up in the Montreal road. He knew nothing but railroading. I do not mean that he was not posted on other matters, but railroading had been the study of his life, and for thirty years his energies were bent entirely in that direction.

To his home and family he was devoted. I well remember one afternoon he had received tidings from his son, who had been an invalid for a long time. He and Mrs. Dodge were at New York. Mrs. D. wrote home that the physician thought there was no help for the child. He showed me the contents of the letter, saying: "I can not spare that boy; he is the sunlight of my existence." Then he burst forth in the madness of grief, the tears flowing down his cheeks like rain.

One Sunday morning, soon after Mr. Lyon's death, Mr. Dodge sent me a note wishing me to call down to his house, saying his family were all at church, and he was alone. I went down and chatted with him nearly two hours. He told me over his plans. He said he should demand the office of general manager, also director. Said his long service entitled him to it. I told him, then and there, that, although he was entitled to it, it was the worst thing he could do. "Your life will be mortgaged to the road, your responsibilities will increase, and you will find a crash will come shattering your whole system. What you need is rest. You have an abundance of this world's goods, and the paltry reputation will not compensate for the ills that will follow." He smiled and said: "O, Rogers I am good for it!"

Poor man! he seemed to think there was no limit to his endurance. But he learned differently after it was too late. He is now at rest; he will never more meet in council, battling for the old Montreal road. Nor will he, as of yore, mount the iron horse and plough through drifting snows to extricate the stalled passenger trains. "For his ties are mute, his hands palsied, and his eye dark with the mists of death."

The seasons in their bright rounds will come and go; storms will smite the earth, peace smile upon it, plenty crown it, love bless it; but he will never, never return!

"The God of bounds'
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to him on his fatal rounds
And said; No More!"

Yours, etc.,
J. L. ROGERS.

RUMNEY.

Mrs. George Hackett and daughter who have been visiting in this vicinity, return to New Jersey this week.

W. J. Burgess, manager of H. R. Stevens Vegetine business in Toronto, is at home on a vacation.

Dysentery prevails among children at the present time.

Rain is very much needed. N.

Married, Aug. 29 at the residence of the grooms father in South Wentworth, by Rev. James Usher, Mr. Austin Page, to Miss Emma F. Godfry, of Cambridge, Mass.

Rev. James Usher and wife will spend this week in Boston, returning Saturday. He is expected to fill our pulpit, the rest of the warm season.

Jack frost returned again last night.

The writer is not prepared to give a full account of the grove meeting but hope some one will.

Mr. Sylvester Adams of this place spent the most of his time on Sabbath, to count the persons coming through the fence from the cars, and his son kept a full account of the teams, through the main entrance, from highway, he says there was one thousand and thirty-seven per sons there on Sunday. W.

HOLDERNESS.

Miss Annie R. Cox, daughter of the late Walter B. Cox, Esq., of Holderness, a graduate of the State Normal school, and one of New Hampshire's most successful teachers, has accepted a position in the Highland grammer school, West Somerville, Mass.

WARREN.

Rev. J. S. Jewett returned Saturday from a visit to Old Orchard.

L. W. [redacted] has been to Epping and on a visit to Maine.

Mr. Russell Merrill has gone to Manchester to visit her son.

Much vegetation was frozen Tuesday morning.

The concert Sunday, p. m., was addressed by Mrs. Richardson of Amherst, and in the evening the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. The remarks were very effectual.

Mrs. Dudley Cotton who was convalescent is again dangerously sick.

WOODSTOCK.

A slight frost has been seen here several mornings.

What are the cold winds saying? "Scoot, tourist scoot," for home.

School in district No. 4, commenced last Monday under the instruction of Miss Annie Abbott, of Thornton.

Miss Florence A. Smith of Belmot is visiting in town.

Where, oh where is the North Woodstock Literary Society?

The summer boarding houses are now being vacated. A very prosperous season has been enjoyed.

ALPHEUS.

The blighting effects of impure blood are sad to behold in those we meet day by day. This ought not and need not be so. Parson's Purgative Pills make new and rich blood; taken one a night for twelve weeks will change the blood in the entire system. jesalt

The Pacific telegraph was opened in 1861.

A gentleman in a neighboring town who had suffered two years with chronic diarrhœa and was reduced that he could not walk, was cured and restored to sound health by Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. This Liniment is worth its weight in gold. jesalt

Canada surrendered to England in 1760.

Lace curtains, lambrequins and window shades ready to put up are furnished at short notice at low prices at Paine's Furniture Manufactory, 49 Canal street, Boston. jelt

There are 3750 languages.

THE GOLDEN RULE, Boston, Mass., is one of the best $2.00 religious weeklies in the world. Non-sectarian, pure, bright and readable. It is a religious and moral help in any family. The publishers will send it to any new subscriber from now to July 1, 1884, for $1.00; from now to Jan. 1, 1884, for only 50 cents. Address as above. jesa3tjune25

Timothy seed, 55 pounds per bushel.

A homer contained 75 gallons, and 5 pints.

A mile is 5280 feet, or 1760 yards in length.

Phonographic Lessons by Mail. C. H. Kimball, Plymouth, N. H. jesatfmar15

Bran, 35 pounds per bushel.

Parties who have pictures to be framed are reminded that they can have the work done at Coburn's bookstore in Museum building, Manchester, and that it will be perfectly satisfactory as to quality and price. Mr. Coburn keeps a large stock of frames and framing material, and employs experienced workmen. jesatfmar9

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ELDREDGE SEWING MACHINE.

IT LEADS THE WORLD.

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Graphic descriptions of Salamis, Actium, Lepanto, Invincible Armada, Nile, Trafalgar, Lake Erie, Manhattan, Sinope, Lissa, New Orleans, Port Fisher, Mobile Bay, Alexandria, and many others. The Lives and Work of Nelson, Drake, Rowe, Nelson, Paul Jones, Perry, Farragut, and other Naval Heroes and Sea Fighters. No other Book in any language covers the same broad field. *Dr. SHIPPEN'S great ability and literary style render the author pre-eminently fit.* A wonderful record of Patriotism and Valor, that will be read by old and young. Finely Illustrated, Clear Type, Good Paper and Binding. 720 pages. Price, $3.50. Sells Fast.

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THIS LITTLE INSTRUMENT WILL TELL.

PUT ON AN ODOMETER AND SEE!

It is a Perpetual Counter.

It gives 1-100 part of a mile, and as high as 1,000. Cannot be tampered with. In water and dust tight. Made for any size wheel. Is easily attached to the wheel of a BUGGY, Carriage, Wagon, or other vehicle. Invaluable to Liverymen, Physicians, Farmers, Surveyors, Stage Owners, Pleasure Drivers, etc. Price $5 each—Only the right of any other Odometer. When ordering give diameter of the wheel. Sent by mail postpaid on receipt of price. A few Good Men Wanted to handle these Goods. Address

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HAS BEEN PROVED
The SUREST CURE for
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Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim to KIDNEY DISEASE? DO NOT HESITATE, use Kidney-Wort at once, strengthen your diseased and exhausted kidneys, and speedily realize the change.

Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weakness, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed. See it will act promptly and safely.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

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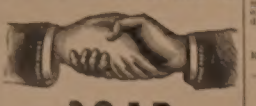
THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES USE
WELCOME SOAP



Not only for its Purity, but because of a superiority in WASHING QUALITIES Peculiar to the manufactures of CURTIS DAVIS & CO.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The reputation of this and other brands of Curtis Davis & Co.'s Soaps has made the name of "Davis" popular in every community in relation to the use of soap. That this reputation has suffered by people accepting almost any kind marked "Davis" is true, but that all may know when they actually do get Curtis Davis & Co.'s goods is the object of this notice. Possessing a pure and superior Washing quality their soaps cannot be sold in competition with numerous brands under the name of "Davis" now on the market. If you want the genuine articles, see that the full name of Curtis Davis is stamped on every bar and wrapper as above.

jesa3mjune26

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CURES
CRACKED HOOFS, SPRAINS, SCRATCHES AND SORES
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AMERICAN LUBRICATING OIL CO.,
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5 CENTS A CAKE.

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WAGONS!

CARRIAGES, PHÆTONS, BUGGIES, ROAD CARTS.

For Terms and Prices address,

FISH BROS. & CO.,
RACINE, WIS.

Or call on

NOTE TO PUBLISHER.—Please cut off lower portion of the plate, [containing this note,] and should there be no Agency for these vehicles in your locality, insert his or their name, and oblige.

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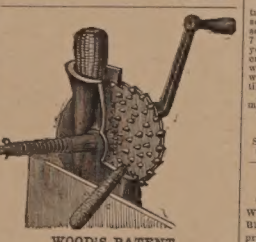

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CORN SHELLER!

Price, $3.00.
OVER 10,000 NOW IN USE.
CHEAP, DURABLE & EFFECTIVE.
Will shell a bushel of corn in four minutes.
It separates the cobs from the corn and will not break or get out of order.

Ask your Dealer for it.

If he does not keep it, we will send it by Express upon receipt of money.

Lehigh Valley Emery Wheel Co.,
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THE CELEBRATED
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ROLLING DOOR. REVOLVING BOTTOM.

RETAIL GROCERS, ATTENTION!
BUY NONE! HAVE NONE! USE NONE!!! BUY
The celebrated BARNUM SAFES.

For sale generally by the wholesale woodenware and grocery dealers. If your jobber cannot supply you, send your orders direct to us.

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BOYS, CARD COLLECTORS. Send 2 2-cent stamps and receive by next mail, a pack of Beautiful Fancy Cards, including photograph, picture and chromo cards, also a fine present. Address SUN PUB. HOUSE, Geneva, Ohio. jesalm1mar1

MUSIC COMPOSERS, Teache Having Compositions ready for publication should send to STANDARD MUSIC PUBLISHING HOUSE, Geneva, Ohio. Best terms ever given. Chance to get rich. Now Geo. jesa3mjune1

HOLDERNESS SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

PLYMOUTH, N. H.

Boys received at any age over 10 years, and fitted for college or the higher scientific schools, or instructed in natural sciences, French, German, book-keeping, and all branches of common school study.

Charges for boarding, tuition, and all other school expenses $250 per annum; or for twenty weeks' vacation, $100 per session. No charges for incidentals or extra studies.

Fifth year begins Sept. 5th, 1883.

For circulars and full information apply to the Rector, the Rev. F. M. Gray, Plymouth, N. H.

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T. W. & J. H. S.

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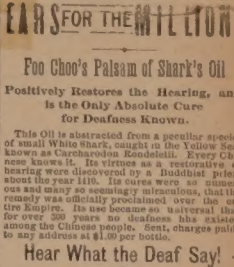
SPRING and SUMMER WEAR.
T. W. & J. H. STEWART,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
Bradford Block, Opposite City Clock. Jmaapr24tf CONCORD, N. H.

MUSIC

On and after June 15th, I shall be prepared to receive a few pupils in Vocal and Instrumental Music on either Piano or Organ. Voice Building and Vocal Technique a specialty. Especial pains taken with children. Terms moderate. I respectfully solicit your patronage.

Mrs. Emma B. Hull,
jeoatfmay1 ASHLAND, N. H.

BOSTON GEM
Kerosene Oil Stove



Call at any stove store and ask to see the Boston Gem Improved Kerosene Stove. It is warranted to work equal to any stove in the market, and only costs but one-half the price. It is lighter to handle than any stove, and is warranted to wear as long; do not purchase your Kerosene Stove until you see this one.

Ask for the Boston Gem and take no other.

If your dealer has not got it, write to

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EARS FOR THE MILLION.

Foo Choo's Palsam of Shark's Oil

Positively Restores the Hearing, and is the Only Absolute Cure for Deafness Known.

This Oil is abstracted from a peculiar species of small White Shark, caught in the Yellow Sea, known as Carcharodon Rondeletii. Every Chinese knows it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing were discovered by a Buddhist priest about the year 1100. Its cures were so numerous and many so seemingly miraculous, that the remedy was officially proclaimed over the entire Empire. Its use became so universal that for over 300 years no deafness has existed among the Chinese people. Sent, charges paid, to any address at $1.00 per bottle.

Hear What the Deaf Say!

It has performed a miracle in my case.
I have no unearthly noises in my head and hear much better.
I have been greatly benefited.
My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle will cure me.
My hearing is much benefited.
I have received untold benefit.
My hearing is improving.
It is giving good satisfaction.
Have been greatly benefited, and am rejoiced that I saw the notice of it.

"Its virtues are unquestionable and its curative character absolute as the writer can personally testify, both from experience and observation. Write at once to Haylock & Jenney, 7 Day Street, New York, enclosing $1.00, and you will receive by return a remedy that will enable you to hear like anybody else, and whose curative effects will be permanent. You will never regret doing so."—Editor of Mercantile Review.

To avoid loss in the Mails, please send money by Registered Letter.

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RISLEY'S WITCH HAZEL

Cures Headache, Burns, Sprains, Cuts Wounds, Rheumatism, Toothache, Earache, Blisters, etc. Unequalled in quality, at half the price. 6 oz 25 cts. Pints, 50 cts. Quarts, $1.00.

THE GREAT SUMMER APPETIZER, $1.00.

Have your druggist order, if he has not in stock, of

CHARLES F. RISLEY, New York.
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not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time." $66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make great pay, all the time, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. jesaly dec1

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

Dr. Brigham begs to call attention to his method of inserting artificial teeth

Without Covering the Roof of the Mouth.

These plates contain no mercurial or other poisons, and do not interfere with either taste or speech.

Prices reduced twenty-five per cent. on artificial work.

Special attention paid to filling badly decayed teeth.

D. T. BRIGHAM,
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No. 2 Hamilton Place, BOSTON.
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MUSIC FREE.

In order to have every musician see a copy of THE STANDARD MUSICAL JOURNAL we will send FREE to any one who will send us the names of five persons who play the piano or organ, 10 pieces of the latest and most popular Sheet Music with beautifully illustrated and gilt title, and a copy of the ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL, containing about two dollars' worth of music, musical matters, notices, and a prize department, enabling every subscriber to receive large amounts in cash and other prizes. A wonderful new idea. Besides the above, we will send a book of general information and a fine Oilograph picture, together with our grand terms to canvass. A fine GOLD WATCH given for a few subscribers.

Address, enclosing six 2-cent stamps, to pay postage,

STANDARD PUBLISHING HOUSE,
jeoa3mjune1 Geneva, Ohio.

PLYMOUTH PARAGRAPHS.

New music at L. C. Hull's.

Harry Mason has been at Old Orchard.

The farmers are cutting up their corn.

Mrs. Henry Cole has recently been here.

Charles Wright has been taking a vacation.

The hydrant by the hose house has been repaired.

The Holderness school for boys commenced this week.

A new fence has been built around the old Keniston mansion.

A new bulletin board has been erected at the north end of Post Office row.

The grape crop here will be very large this year.

Several of Col. Robie's children are now visiting with him.

The Sunday Herald train will be discontinued after to-morrow.

Miss Iola Round is spending a short time here from Wellesley College.

Rev. J. E. Robbins and family have been spending a short time in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Mudgett and Miss Mary Mudgett are visiting among friends in Mass.

Mr. Charles Hazelton, wife and two children are in town from Turners, Falls, Mass.

There was a heavy frost here Monday night and crops on the lowlands suffered badly.

Mr. Henry Adams has been making a few repairs about the furnace at the Normal building.

Miss Emma Morrison of Laconia has been spending a week or two with Miss Rena Merrill.

S. A. Goodhue's California lily has been photographed by Mr. Rich for stereoscopic views.

Mr. Erastus Dearborn recently caught a trout in the Pemigewasset river that weighed 1 1-4 pounds.

A man has been here lately selling canary birds in little square wooden cages at about $2.50 each.

It is said Miss E. A. Flanders will not open her usual school here this fall as she is teaching elsewhere.

Of late an additional passenger car has been run on the P. V. railroad, which makes two of that class.

H. S. George has been elected Secretary of Winnipesaukee camp ground association 10 times in succession.

Miss Ada Gardner, instead of Ada Gordon as was stated last week, is at work at the Normal boarding house.

Miss Laurie E. Brown is to teach a fall term at New Hampton and Miss Minnie F. L. Brown one at Lower Intervale.

The Belknap county fair at Laconia occurs Sept. 18, 19, 20. A balloon ascension will be among the attractions.

Mrs. J. W. Nutter, formerly of this place lately died from an overdose of morphine, which she took by mistake.

A neat new black and gilt sign with the words Page & Story has lately been put over the entrance to Crawford's block.

Henry W. Hazelton, formerly ticket seller here, arrived from Iowa the first of the week and is to remain a short time.

Rev. Mr. Shinn proposes to return to his home in West Virginia for several months during the coming cold weather.

Some of our young men had a little fracas, the first of the week, caused by liquor in which one received a broken arm.

Miss Maud Whittier of Manchester, N. H., has been spending a week or two in town. She returned home the first of the week.

Rev. Cyrus Richardson, formerly pastor of the Congregational church here, recently of Keene, has lately been installed in Nashua.

William Gibson, one of the Arlington, Mass., fire engineers, lately inspected our fire department and witnessed the workings of our hydrant system.

H. W. Hazelton will sell his household furniture at auction at the house occupied by him on Webster street, Saturday, September 15th, at 2 o'clock p. m.

The G. A. R. boys will hold a meeting this evening and are requested to meet at the hall on Wednesday morning at seven o'clock, and go in a body to the depot to leave for Weirs.

The regular monthly temperance union held a meeting in the M. E vestry at 7 o'clock to-morrow evening. Rev. O. H. Shinn will address the meeting. Subject: "How to Reach the Young."

A CARD.—I take this method of expressing our thanks to our neighbors and friends, for their kindness and sympathy rendered us in our late sudden bereavement. WILLIAM A. DRAPER.

A couple of travelling musicians were in town yesterday. One played a Scotch bagpipe, the other an instrument resembling some kind of a clarionet, and carried, strapped to his back, his umbrella mending apparatus.

Mr. Fred Stanyan, the genial clerk in Assistant Superintendent Lewis' room at the railroad office, has been rusticating for a few days at the far famed Crawford House, and other points of interest in the White Mountains.

The Fry concert company at the Town Hall Tuesday evening had a good audience which went away well pleased after listening to very fine selections, well rendered, upon the violin and other instruments, as well as vocal music.

The White Mountain express south last Saturday was somewhat late as it consisted of 10 cars, said to have been the heaviest ever known on this railroad. There were about 100 Raymond excursionists on board, who had been through the mountain region.

Mr. Eckles and Andrew Smith are at work clearing the pasture owned by the late Milton Merrill. They have been burning it over and on Thursday the fire caught in the pines below and came near getting the better of them, but as it happened to be seen in season, was put out by means of water which the men brought in their hats.

As will be seen by notice elsewhere, a meeting of the telephone exchange will occur next Monday afternoon to see about an additional wire between here and Campton village, the proposed extension from West Thornton to North Woodstock, and from here to Rumney, to see how much additional capital stock will be issued, and to choose any agents or committees deemed necessary.

Fall Dry Goods. C. M. Boynton, Concord, N. H., is opening daily his new stock of Fall Dry Goods. Customers always find the best bargains on his Counter. Rep silks, velvets, brocaded and plain. Cashmeres and suiting flannels, are now being sold at tempting prices; he retails all his domestic and house keeping goods at wholesale prices, thereby giving his customers great bargains. Visit his store, sign of big hand Concord, N. H.

Printing was discovered in 440.

Electricity moves 287,000 miles per second.

A cubit is two feet.

A fathom is six feet.

The American Young Folks, published semi-monthly by George W. Browne, of Manchester, N. H., is a valuable and entertaining paper, filled with interesting stories for the young, poetry, lively anecdotes and historical sketches written in an attractive manner by the best authors. It is an eight page, thirty-two column paper. Subscription price, 75 cents per year; $1.00, sixteen months; 40 cents, six months; specimen copies 3 cents.

Buckwheat, 52 pounds per bushel.

Vegetine purifies the blood, renovates and invigorates the whole system. je2tsept1

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-8.

Employment for all! Something that sells at every house. $5.00 to $10.00 per day made by energetic agents. Send postal for terms and samples to M. W Getchell, North Haverhill, N. H. jesatoct1

ASHLAND ALLECATIONS.

The sick ones are better this week.

S. S. L. Morrison is in the woolen mill at work. Says he likes very well, but we who know Sam hardly credit that he likes anything like work.

Mrs. Sally Glover is in Manchester for a few days, visiting her children.

Mrs. S. S. L. Morrison went to Lowell the first of the week to visit her daughter. Mrs. Leonard Clough takes her place at the Cheney house while she is gone.

D. C. Merrill has hung out a nice street lamp to light your steps to his shoe store.

Alvah Huckins has moved his goods to his father's and boards out. His child is with his parents for the present.

G. H. Hawkins has hired a farm of John Carr and will move upon it soon.

The drouth has ceased some of the wells to fail.

The regulator at the grist mill is broken but will soon be repaired.

Rev. Mr. Winslow, of Strafford, will preach at the Centre to-morrow at 11 a. m.

People are harvesting their potatoes early this year. Mr. Sullivan Robinson dug a hundred bushels from one-fourth of an acre one day recently.

Miss Hartman, who has been visiting at Mr. John Batcheider's, has returned to Norfolk, Va.

Steamer "Gracie" and barge will run between here and Weirs next week, Wednesday and Thursday, as below: Wednesday: Leave wharf at 7, 8.15, 9.30 a. m., 1.30, 7, a. m.; leave Weirs at 7.35 8.50, a. m., 12 m., 4, at close of afternoon exercises, and 9 p. m., at close of fireworks. Thursday: Leaves at 7, 8.15, 9.30, 10.30, a. m., 1.30, 7, p. m.; leave Weirs at 7.35, 8.50, a. m., 12 m., 4.30, at close of dress parade, and 9 p. m. at close of fire-works. During the boat races on Wednesday at 10 a. m., the fire-works Wednesday evening, battle of Malvern Hill Thursday at 2 p. m., and fire-works Thursday evening, a limited number of tickets will be sold for steamer and barge at 25 cents for each occasion. Fare from here to Weirs and return, 20 cents. No single trip fares taken. Passengers going only one way must purchase 20 cent tickets.

D. A. Vittum has bought out the fish business of H. B. Clough, as the latter was unable to carry it on because of poor health.

Mr. George W. Barnard is canvassing here with a history of the United States, written by John C. Redpath, of Indiana.

Mr. Martin S. Hall, of Fitchburg, Mass., special agent for the Granite State Mutual Aid Association of Keene, has been in town a few days.

Mr. Marshall Gilman, who for the past twenty years has made it his home in California, is now visiting his old friends here.

Services in the North church will be omitted until Rev. J. E. Wildey returns from his two weeks' visit to New York, where he has gone with his wife.

Mr. Wm. Alexander and family, of Savannah, Ga., who have been on a trip to the White mountains, are stopping in town.

Miss Annie Pike is quite sick with hay fever.

Quite a number went from here to the fair at Manchester.

Mr. Henry Clark's horse was quite badly injured by a fall through the stable door recently.

A heavy frost here last Tuesday night.

Mr. Waldo Maloon's son, John, who has been in the west for the last fifteen years, is now in town.

Mr. Arthur Hull with his wife and child, of Hartford, Conn., are visiting here.

Some Reminiscences of the Early Church in Holderness.

A well preserved warrant for a town meeting in "New Holderness," dated 1788, contains this article:

"To see if the Town will vote to have Mr. Robert Fowle for their Minister and vote what salary they will settle on Mr. Fowle yearly."

Another paper dated Sept. 21st, 1790, is a record of the Parish meeting, when it was voted to build a church. I quote verbatim:

"Voted—That Capt. Smyth, Sq. S. G. Livermore, Maj. Rich'd Shepard, Lieut. Sam. Curry and Sam. Shepard Be a Committee To Determine where said Building Shall Be Erected and to Take Care of Said Building Throughout.

"Voted—To Raise the Sum of Seventy-five Pounds in Boards at 24s per Thousands Delivered on the Spot, allowing Each Man to turn in an Equal Proportion of Boards, Timber, Nails, Rum, Shingles, Clapboards, and all things Necessary to carry on Said Building which should be to the acceptance of the Committee."

Another paper records the choice of "Hon Judge Livermore, Mr. Jabez Hatch and Maj. Richard Shepard as Delegates to attend the Episcopal Convention in New Holderness on the third Wednesday of August next, 1812."

"Priest Fowle," the first clergyman in this section of New Hampshire, was chaplain to Judge Livermore and followed to "New Holderness." He died in 1843 at the age of 82 years. In his time the churches were often uncomfortably cold. One day especially mentioned by a descendant of the good old man, "They all went to the upper church (Trinity). There was no fire, the women all carried foot-stoves. Farther suffered very much; he was very frail and trembled so he could hardly stand." Mr. Fowle was noted for choosing subjects pertinent to his audience. One time the meeting was in a dwelling house, the snow was piled to the windows and men could only come on snow shoes. There were very few present. He chose for his text, "Fear not, little flock; it is my Father's good pleasure to give you the kindgom." There was not a dry eye in the room.

The old church at Squam bridge was never completed. The site is still marked by the "church-yard," in which are some old and interesting graves. The first settlers built their pews in the rafters of this church. One summer day during service, a party of travelers (more scarce in Holderness then than now) entered the church and they afterwards wrote an interesting sketch entitled, "The church Among the Hills," in which they referred to the young bass viol player (afterwards Mrs. Geo. W. Shepard), and quoted the passage, "And the swallows built their nests on thy altars, O Lord of Hosts."

Priest Fowle had a large dog which invariably went to church and laid at the top of the pulpit stairs. He was very quiet unless some one came in late, but woe to the luckless wight who came in after the service was begun. So all the people came early to avoid such a loud greeting. It's a sad pity that dog ever died.

The little band that followed the spoted trees and came through unbroken forest to pray together in this little church have all gone before to meet in "that temple not made with hands," leaving us to reap the fruit of their labor.

Summer visitors come every Sunday from far and near to the services at Trinity church, Holderness. The old "Church-House," as it is called by the people in the neighborhood, was built by Samuel Livermore before the Revolutionary war, and is said to be the oldest church building in New Hampshire. The outside has been renewed more than once, but the interior has undergone but slight changes. It still has the square pews of olden time of unpainted pine, grown as dark as mahogany with age. The old communion service of pewter is still in good preservation; and also a linen surplice made of flax, grown, spun and woven in the town, which was worn by "Priest Fowle," the first rector, nearly a hundred years ago. —*Democrat.*

QUINCY.

The first mail for this place was delivered from the up train last Wednesday, Sept. 5. The contents numbered eight pieces. Mr. J. C. Burnham carried it to the new Post Office. The mail here will be the same as at the other offices. A.

MEREDITH MATTERS.

Mrs. Hannah Robinson will open rooms for a few boarders in one of her tenements in Sturtevant's new building on Lake street.

Mr. Charles F. Winch, of New York, is visiting here. He is from the firm of J. O. Carpenter & Co., commission brokers in iron and steel.

Mr. Frank H Cram has his pretty new house nearly finished.

The Baptist society took their annual excursion on the lake a week ago yesterday. A pleasant time was enjoyed.

Mrs. W. E. S. Foss has charge of Miss Ora Osgood's store while the latter is in Boston buying her fall goods.

Mr. Albert Pitman is now running his meat cart.

The drouth has ceased some of the wells to fail.

The regulator at the grist mill is broken but will soon be repaired.

Rev. Mr. Winslow, of Strafford, will preach at the Centre to-morrow at 11 a. m.

People are harvesting their potatoes early this year. Mr. Sullivan Robinson dug a hundred bushels from one-fourth of an acre one day recently.

Miss Hartman, who has been visiting at Mr. John Batcheider's, has returned to Norfolk, Va.

Steamer "Gracie" and barge will run between here and Weirs next week, Wednesday and Thursday, as below: Wednesday: Leave wharf at 7, 8.15, 9.30 a. m., 1.30, 7, a. m.; leave Weirs at 7.35 8.50, a. m., 12 m., 4, at close of afternoon exercises, and 9 p. m., at close of fireworks. Thursday: Leaves at 7, 8.15, 9.30, 10.30, a. m., 1.30, 7, p. m.; leave Weirs at 7.35, 8.50, a. m., 12 m., 4.30, at close of dress parade, and 9 p. m. at close of fire-works. During the boat races on Wednesday at 10 a. m., the fire-works Wednesday evening, battle of Malvern Hill Thursday at 2 p. m., and fire-works Thursday evening, a limited number of tickets will be sold for steamer and barge at 25 cents for each occasion. Fare from here to Weirs and return, 20 cents. No single trip fares taken. Passengers going only one way must purchase 20 cent tickets.

Miss Annie Pike is quite sick with hay fever.

Quite a number went from here to the fair at Manchester.

Mr. Henry Clark's horse was quite badly injured by a fall through the stable door recently.

A heavy frost here last Tuesday night.

Mr. Waldo Maloon's son, John, who has been in the west for the last fifteen years, is now in town.

Mr. Arthur Hull with his wife and child, of Hartford, Conn., are visiting here.

GROTON.

Earl Hall, of North Groton, fell from an apple tree, Wednesday, and broke his left arm just above the elbow.

BRIDGEWATER.

Cold weather seems to commence early, as there was a frost Tuesday morning to kill cucumber leaves in most all places.

The dry weather has lasted so long that springs and wells are very low.

The wheat crop is more than an average one.

Nathan P. and Helen M. Smith are attending school at New Hampton.

Visit at P. B. Smith's this week, were Mrs. N. L. Lincoln, of Meredith, Mrs. F. C. Brown and son Arthur, of Boston, Mass., L. E. and Sarah B. Mitchell, of Bristol.

Mrs. Herman R. Brown is sick with pleurisy fever.

Arthur Nichols' oldest boy is sick with typhoid fever.

Miss Flora May Sargent is attending school at Franklin.

Miss Mary A. Morrill has commenced the school in district No. 7. It commenced Sept. 3. P.

RUMNEY.

Rev. K. S. Hall occupied the pulpit of the First Baptist church last Sabbath and also administered the ordinance of baptism. There were those at the water side who remarked when he was baptized at the same place by the Rev. Gilbert Robbins and commenced the study for the ministry at New Hampton. Although not an old man, he has spent the best years of his life in the service, and in returning to Lake Village after a two years' pastorate with us, he takes with him the best wishes of the entire community, that he and his wife may be permitted for many years to sit under their own vines and pear trees in their quiet home and enjoy the rest they so much need. Mr. Hall is a man of strong convictions and marked individuality, whose moral character gives weight to his teachings. "Happy is the man who alloweth not himself in that thing which he condemneth."

Henry Keyes, of Roxbury, Mass., and William D. Baker, of Island Pond, Vt., made a flying visit to town last week.

Mrs. Jesse F. Hazen, of Rochester, has also spent a few days at Depot Village.

Cyril Gillett and his brother, Carroll, were called to Thetford, Vt., recently by the death of their uncle.

The Lincoln Channel Can Creamery will be exhibited at the Grafton County fair.

There will be a small delegation from here to the state fair, as we are all going to the Grafton county, but the Reunion at the Weirs will call out a crowd.

P. A. Ramsay and wife, of Boston, will visit relatives here this week.

Mrs. Susan H. Mason, of Somerville, New Jersey, formerly of Rumney, is spending the summer at Livermore Maine. D.

E. R. Coburn & Co. 740 Elm St., Manchester, N.H. In our stock we have endeavored to select such goods that will meet the wants of our patrons and the public generally, and you will find in our store, a large variety of the best goods in our line, comprising books, stationery, periodicals, photograph albums, autograph albums, birthday cards, gift cards, pictures, writing desks, work boxes, games, etc. Artist's supplies; canvas, academy boards, millboards, panels, paper placques, color-boxes, palette cups and knives, brushes of all kinds, pastels, crayon and crayon papers, Winsor & Newton's oil and water colors, easels, wax flower material, etc., etc. picture frames on hand and made to order. jesatfaug25.

DIED.

In Barre, Mass., Aug. 23, Arabella E., wife of John W. Nutter, aged 35 years, 8 mos., 27 days.

In Plymouth, Aug. 19 Harry W. son of Mr. and Mrs Fred Burt, aged 8 months.

In New Hampton, Aug. 30, Clara A., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Ellis, aged 1 year.

THORNTON.

Our telephone seems to come to a stand still. Our highly respected merchant, not satisfied with controlling the "Runners," wants to control the telephone company, and dictate to them where they shall not put them to. We would advise him to have a separate line especially for himself, and let the company do as they please, and stop calling his neighbors hard names, as it is very unbecoming to a man that has to depend upon the public for patronage.

There are no apples this year in this vicinity, consequently there will be no cider.

The gravel train has been taken from our road, and is now in the vicinity of Bath.

The weather is very cold for the season, and the early frosts have ruined our prospects for ripe tomatoes and winter squashes.

Mrs. Foster, of Plymouth, is visiting friends in this vicinity.

Mrs. Dexter Merrill has gone to Concord on a visit. Her sister, Mrs. Norbey, from Montreal, with her husband, has been visiting her. GLEANER.

LOON POND.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Martin of Dorchester, were at this place last Monday.

Fisk Burnham is quite lame with a sprained ankle.

Mr. Martin our popular pedler has lately made us another call.

Daniel Donovan is attending the Normal school at Plymouth.

Mr. J. Gill is at work in the pottery.

Monday night we had a frost that killed pumpkins and cucumber vines, and damaged the corn to some extent.

Miss A. Quimby of Campton, is at William Welche's.

Mr. an Mrs. Frank Woodward have gone to Manchester.

The school in No. 12 district commenced last Monday with Miss Sadie Ash teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Batchelder of Groton have recently been stopping in this place.

Mr. P. Donovan has been cutting his second crop of hay. S.

CAMPTON.

Mrs. Daniel Williams is disposing of some of her property, preparatory to removing to Plymouth. The "Dr. Samborn house," in which she has lived nearly twelve years, it is understood, will then be for sale, or to let, upon reasonable terms. It is a very pleasant homestead; and, with ordinary repairs, can be made one of the most beautiful residences in New Hampshire. It is owned by Hon. Henry W. Blair. Alvin Burleigh, Esq. of Plymouth has the care of the premises.

Visitors and boarders have mostly left for their homes and business in the cities.

The frost did serious damage to the crops on Monday night last.

Mrs. G. S. Bartlett is away, visiting friends in Newburyport, where she formerly resided. She has not gone in pursuit of her husband, who is a member of the Legislature, exactly; for, he came home on Friday last, as usual, and accompanied his "better half" to Woburn, Mass., where they were to spend the Sabbath—en route for the Port.

The "Old Man of the Mountain," at Franconia, is of the opinion that the N. H. Legislature will be likely to make a final adjournment in season for the "boys" to get home to spend Thanksgiving this autumn. (?)

Miss Radcliffe, the young lady who fractured an ankle a few weeks since, by a fall in the barn of Judson A. Blaisdell, has so far recovered as to be able to ride out. P.

The Sabbath school at Bump's school house continues to hold its own, although laboring under many disadvantages. The school has no library, and contributions of old books from any source would be thankfully received, and might be the means of doing much good.

We are also greatly in need of some musical instrument, and if some of the visiting friends would kindly assist us to a cheap second-hand organ, we should be very grateful. If any feel interested in the matter, and would like to make any inquiries in regard to the school, we would refer them to Rev. O. W. Kimball, Campton Vill., or visit the school in person. Hour for school, 4 P. M. every Sabbath.

Mrs. C. L. Dow.

Mrs. John Morse is on the sick list.

The Ladies' Sewing Society of the West Campton F. Baptist church meets this week with Mrs. John Hussey.

Three baby girls for the past week. Who says Campton population is not increasing?

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Avery have been away to Belmont on a visit for the past week.

Mrs. Nancy Smith of Plymouth is in town on a visit. AMACUS.

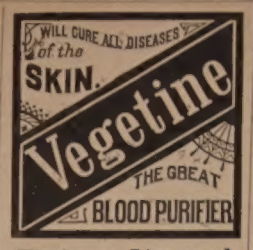
Now ready The Poets of New Hampshire. Publisher's notice. The volume entitled The Poets of New Hampshire, being Specimen Poems of nearly three hundred Poets of the Granite State, with biographical notes compiled by Bela Chapin, is now ready. It was the intention of the Publisher to issue the volume ready for sale last autumn, but the publication of it was delayed in order to give the Compiler time for more extensive research, and thereby to perfect the work. This he has done, and it is believed the book will fully meet the expection of the public. A rigid criticism has been exercised in the selection of poems, and no poet has been admitted to the pages of the book who has not a good right, by merit, to be there. The biographical sketches, although brief will be found of great value. Much care has been taken in obtaining the poems of deceased poets and materials for their biographical sketches. The sons and daughters of New Hampshire are found in almost every land. Her poets are scattered far and wide, and from many parts of the world have they responded to the invitation to be represented in our book. The volume is large octavo in size and contains 800 pages. It is printed on tinted paper in a clear and beautiful type, and bound elegantly and durably. Price, in cloth, $3.00; in full gilt, $3.50. Sold by subscription. Where we have no agent, it will be sent by mail or express, prepaid on receipt of price by the publisher, Chas H. Adams, Claremont, N. H. jesalt.

FOR SALE.

A farm of 200 acres, more or less situated in Thornton, N. H., on Mad river road three miles from Campton Village, on elevated land, surrounded by the loveliest of mountain scenery in this portion of the country, with good buildings. House painted and blinded. Barn 48x62 feet, and other outbuildings, all in good repair. Strong soil, good for corn and wheat. In present condition will keep 20 or 25 head of cattle. 400 sugar maples, large number of grafted apple trees, also plums, cherries and currants in good quantities. Running water at house and barn. Would exchange for a small farm of good soil near a village. For reference, inquire of A. Lyford or Gilmore Houston, of Plymouth, or of the subscriber on the premises.

GEORGE JENKINS.

Post office address: Campton Village, N. H. jlmsept1



Dizziness, Liver and Kidney Complaint.

CINCINNATI, O.

H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir: I have received great benefit from the use of the Vegetine, and can cheerfully recommend it for *Dizziness, Rush of Blood to the Head*, and a general blood purifier. It has also been used by other members of my family for *Liver* and *Kidney Complaints*. MRS. A. C. ULRICH,
250 Baymiller St.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

BOSTON, MASS.

MR. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir: I have been using Vegetine for some time with the greatest satisfaction, and can highly recommend it as a great cleanser and purifier of the blood. J. L. HANNAFORD,
Pastor of Eglenton Square M. E. Church.

A MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS.

I testify to the beneficial effects of VEGETINE, as used in my family for the past six years. We consider it invaluable as a blood medicine for both children and adults, and endeavor to always keep a supply on hand.
Yours, &c., C. A. JACKSON,
Business Manager South Boston Inquirer.

Vegetine
IS THE BEST
SPRING AND SUMMER MEDICINE.
Vegetine Is Sold by all Druggists.

WENTWORTH.

Amos Rollins lost a very valuable horse one day last week, by breaking his leg while running in the field. He was obliged to kill him.

Miss Pertie Plummer and Miss Hattie Turner are at home from the beach and will commence their schools on Monday next.

George Plummer has gone to New York to spend the winter.

Elmer Goye started for New York on Wednesday.

J. B. Eastman and wife have gone to spend their vacation in New York.

J. B. Brown and wife returned from Saratoga last Sabbath.

Charles P. Stanyan is now at home experimenting on the natural wells at Howes Falls. He has succeeded in pumping one dry and the deepest one is nearly half pumped out, he proposes to see the bottom of them, but he has a work to do yet for many large stones have been thrown in by people who have visited these wonders. The deepest one looks at the bottom large enough to drive a yoke of oxen under the solid ledge.

Mrs. Metta Dimond is now very near death's door. She has been very sick several weeks. She has not eaten the amount of two crackers for seven weeks, living upon a very small amount of gruel and her medicine, it has been impossible for her to keep any thing upon her stomache as she has vomited continually, even the smell of food she loved best would cause her to vomit.

Many skillfull Physicians have visited and consulted about her, but none have been able to relieve her. Dr. Childs has called on her this week and gives no encouragement, says she may die any moment. We feel that this sister is worthy of all sympathy for she was loved by all who knew her, and she loved all. She was a pattern of virtue and very industrious and very ingenious.

She was a lover of all kinds of fancy work and was always liberal to bestow gifts of her own handiwork, and her work now is all done. She has made all preparations for death, talked of the matter of going as on a journey calmly and without a murmur. Every thing has been done for her that willing hands could do. Aunt Abbie although very feeble has been able to care for her. We can only add that we deeply regret that such a loved sister should be taken from our midst, so early in life, who lived to do so much good.

There was a heavy frost Monday night and Wednesday night a hard freeze. It froze water quite hard in places.

A grand concert was given at Stanyan's Hall on Wednesday evening by the Fry Family and it was a fine concert, singing was very nice, the instrumental was of the best. All who attended, and that was a large number were well satisfied, and we would urge all who have not heard them, to avail themselves of the opportunity wherever they sing.

The Hall was beautifully lighted and decorated with an immense lot of flowers provided by the hands of Mrs. C. D. White. D.

WANTED.

Fifty girls, to knit and crochet. Good wages. Pay weekly. Light, steady work given out to be made at home. Work called for and delivered, free, by express.

GLOBE KNITTING CO.,
No. 823 Washington St.,
jlmsept1 Boston Mass.

House for Sale.

Situated on Merrill Street, near the entrance to Langdon Park. Contains six rooms. About 3-5 acre of land. For sale cheap. Only $750. WILLIAM IRVING, Plymouth, N. H. jesatjuly11

Cut This Out & Return to us with TEN CENTS, to pay postage, packing, &c., and we will send you FREE a SOLID GOLD RING, Warranted to wear 5 years. Size, No. 1 to 12. Mention size. Address, with stamp, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 507, Portland, Maine.

IN ORDER TO INTRODUCE

The Library Fountain Pen, and secure subscribers promptly, we make the following most remarkable offer. On receipt of 63 cts and 6 cents to pay postage on the same, (69 cts in all) we will send the pen by mail on trial and a set (12) of these elegant

Triple Silver-Plated Tea-Spoons,

New design as represented. The best of this ware is Pure White Metal treated to several coatings of Malleable Nickel deposited by the electric process, making a plating much harder than that on Knives, Forks, &c., and is fully durable and elegant, our ware is fully warranted for twelve years. PURE COIN SILVER. When the plating is worn off, as it will in the course of time, ours remains the same and you could not tell the difference. The balance plating is so hard parts of which. Of course, the plating of Pure Silver which we put outside of the machine-plating will wear a long time; but the great beauty and value of the process is the fact that, as the plating wears off, the spoon is just as good as it was in the beginning. In fact, those who use will find that the Pure Silver is worn off because there will be no difference in the look of them. For this reason we believe there are not and cannot be, any better spoons made. These spoons made by any manufacturer and sold at less than $3.00 per set. With each pen we give FREE to all who give the JOURNAL a trial, a Solid Gold Ring, worth $1.25 per year.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Remember, any one ordering on receipt of the Library Pen on the above offer, if we can recover any thing we have sent, with their bargain, can have their money cheerfully refunded.

What They Say of Us:

Have had the pen a week and for so little it more than we can say. —Lafayette Ferree.

I am in receipt of the premium you sent me. I am very much pleased to know how you could afford to give so much for so little money.—C. P. Hickey, Grafton, Ohio.

Please send me six trial subscriptions. Enclosed find stamps to pay for the lot.—C. H. Gould, Rockford, Ill.

Testimonials like the above pour in every mail.

READ.

All sending for the above will receive by return mail, FREE, a Valuable Treatise on the Horse, a book worth more than the price of the pen. Therefore if you want a good pen, and a valuable book, send for both. With the book will be sent a free picture ready for framing.

This is the most wonderful offer ever made. Don't delay but send at once in order to secure all.

JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO.,
Geneva, Ohio.

N. B.—The ILLUSTRATED and PUBLISHERS' GUIDE is a fine literary publication.

TRADE MARK.

Mother Noble's HEALING SYRUP.

A certain cure for Dyspepsia, all diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Stomach, Skin, Blood and Bowels.

Can produce thousands of letters proving its curative qualities

An old and long tried remedy.

Applicants for Agencies address P.O.Box 2801, New York City.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

FORT ANN, N. Y., Aug. 11, 1880.

Dear Sir:—

I purchased some of Mother Noble's Healing Syrup, and after a short trial, I am convinced that it is the best medicine I ever used in my family. JOHN CONELY.

jly1jan24

CLOTHING!

Never before in the history of our business career, have we carried SO LARGE A VARIETY, SO GREAT A STOCK, NOR OFFERED SUCH STUPENDOUS BARGAINS as we are prepared to give our friends, and to those who contemplate the purchase of CLOTHING. Now. Our stock of

Mens's, Youth's, Boys' and Children's Clothing

This season has been selected with great care from the very best the New York and Boston Markets afforded. And we can assure the public and say with confidence that we can show the

Nobbiest Styles and the Best Made Goods

of any clothing house in the city. This may sound SOMEWHAT LOUD, BUT WE MEAN BUSINESS. No shoddy or trash shown or kept at any price.

We have not space to enumerate prices, but will quote a few of our special bargains,

1 lot of Men's All-Wool Indigo Blue, Warranted, Suits,.....$8.00
This suit is sold at other stores for $10 and $12 per suit.
We will guarantee that this is as represented.

1 lot of Men's Mixed Cassimere Suits,.....$5.00
This is a rare bargain and is worth $8 per suit.

1 lot of Men's Fancy Worsted Suits,.....$8.00
This suit is sold in this city at $12 per suit to-day.

1 lot of Suits for Boys, aged from 12 to 17, each,.....$6.50
This is the prettiest suit in the market for any where near the price.

1 lot of Children's Suits, aged 3 to 11,.....$1.25
This is a very natty little blue blouse suit, of which we have sole control.
Same quality as sold at other stores for $2.50. This is your only chance to clothe your boy for $1.25.

☞Other bargains too numerous to mention in our Clothing, Hat, Cap and Gents' Furnishing Goods Departments.

TO OUR PATRONS.

In the method we have adopted this season of selling good goods at low prices, it is our aim to partially repay our customers, who have been so loyal to us in the past by giving the best at the lowest possible figures. We use no deceptive practices to decoy customers into our store, but rely in the future as we have in the past, upon the quality of our goods, popular prices, and our Time-Honored System of having One Price to all, at all times and under all circumstances.

☞All goods marked in plain figures. Remember the place.

M. WOLFF,
Hill's Block, Concord, N. H.

Sign of a Full Dressed Man.

jtf-oct24.

$173.75 for a SQUARE or UPRIGHT ROSEWOOD PIANOFORTE, with Stool, Book and Music. Only $20 for an Elegant Stop, Sub-Bass and Octave-Coupler ORGAN. Cheap Organs $65, Pipe Organs $94. OTHER BARGAINS fully described in Illustrated Catalogue which is sent FREE with full particulars. ☞VISITORS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME. ☜ Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

HIGGINS BROS.,

MANCHESTER'S

Leading House Furnishers!

FIVE DEPARTMENTS IN ONE STORE.

Carpets, Furniture, Crockery, Upholstery, Bedding.

Largest Stock, Best Goods, Lowest Prices.

We have undertaken and successfully accomplished within the past ten years, what no other firm in New Hampshire ever dared to attempt, viz., to keep the fullest and most extensive stock in five distinct departments of house furnishings, in one immense store,—securing the unqualified reputation from all over the state of selling reliable goods cheaper than competitors, of doing the largest business, and saving for ourselves a respectable income from profits.

The principles of the secret of our success are all told in our motto, *"Largest Stock of Best Goods: Close Attention to Business Well Understood; and Largest Sales at Lowest Prices.*

This has secured to us the largest business of our kind in the state, and now with improved facilities, increased force and enlarged stock, we shall attempt to give the people of New Hampshire a better opportunity to obtain reliable and stylish goods, in Carpets, Furniture, Upholstery, Bedding, Crockery, China and Glassware, at lower prices than ever.

As a rule, goods can be sold cheaper in large bills than in dribbets, and our business is demonstrating that fact by our astonishing prices on house furnishing outfits. If you wish to furnish your modest cottage, boarding house, or hotel, we can supply all the carpets, —any grade from Hemp to Brussells; the furniture—for drawing-room, parlor and chambers; crockery, china and glass-ware from kitchen to attic; bedding, mattresses and feathers for sleeping apartments. And on the whole bill give you the benefit of a discount that will both astonish and please.

Every article is warranted and any defect in quality is cheerfully made good by exchange for new goods or money.

We are the only dealers in the state who keep a stock of Mahogany Furniture and the celebrated Bent-wood Chairs.

Furniture repairing and packing is made a specialty, keeping the best workmen and guaranteeing perfect satisfaction or no charge. Orders by mail, telephone or telegraph receive careful attention, and prices made the same as when ordered in person.

Respectfully yours,

HIGGINS BROTHERS, Manchester, N. H.

Situation wanted. By a young man of 10 years' experience, a position as editor, manager, proof-reader or reporter. Is also well qualified to work as compositor, or pressman. Fair wages desired. Address, "Faust," Plymouth, N. H. jesatfmar15

A tub of butter weighs 84 pounds.

Notwithstanding the dull season which always follows immediately upon he holidays' Coburns bookstore in Museum building, Manchester, is doing a thriving trade, owing to the large and the reputation for low prices enjoyed by this store. jesatfeb8

A hurricane moves 80 miles per hour.

ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above.—N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed. jesalym26

A farthing was 3 cents.

Picture framing of all kinds is made a specialty at Coburn's bookstore in Museum building, Manchester. There will also be found a large stock of books and periodicals, including the works of standard authors, gold pens and pencils, work boxes, and a variety of fancy articles needed in the household, and all selling at bottom prices. jesatfmar8

Thomas Moore was born in 1779.

Peruvian Syrup cures dyspepsia, general debility, liver complaint, boils, tumors, chronic diarrhœa, nervous affections, female complaints, and all diseases originating in a bad state of the blood. je10maprl119

A league is three miles.

E. R. Coburn & Co., 740 Elm street, Manchester, are advertising to-day picture frames, ready made or manufactured to order. They are thoroughly conversant with that branch of business, and no doubt good bargains may be obtained from them, as the firm is an old and reliable one. jesatfapril10

The Corn Law was abolished in 1846.

Work given out. On receipt of your address we will make an offer by which you can earn $3 to $7 evenings, at your home. Men, Women, Boys or Girls can do it. H. B. WILKINSON & Co., 195 and 197 Fulton Street, New York. jes6maprl18

A shekel was about 50 cents.

Save Your Pictures.

By having them framed at the best and cheapest place in the city, E. R. Coburn & Co., 740 Elm, St. the old reliable firm. Frames to order, wholesale and retail, from the cheapest to the best carved or gilded. jesatfeb14

Sir John Franklin was last seen in 1845.

To any one (who can fill the bill) in want of a salaried situation with an established firm, we call attention to the advertisement of R. G. Chase & Co., headed "live men," in another column. jes26tmar12

Tea was first used in England in 1666.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once, and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gum, reduces inflammation

NEWS OF THE DAY

GENERAL ITEMS.

—There are ten thousand men working on the Panama canal, which is being pushed forward with great energy.

—A fearful gale arose on Sunday on the Great Banks of Newfoundland. Eighty fishermen are reported drowned. Two hundred dories are said to have been lost. The fishing vessels were much damaged by the storm.

—An outbreak of Texas fever among cattle is reported from Michigan.

—Rev. Joel Parker, of New Jersey, declares that he will not accept the Gubernatorial nomination under any circumstances.

—The New Jersey Republican State Convention meets at Trenton, on September 18th.

—The Fire Commissioners of Baltimore, Md., have all been indicted for malfeasance in office.

—It is supposed that the tidal wave along the Pacific coast were caused by the earthquake that destroyed Anjer and other towns in Java on August 27. There was a similar occurrence on December 23, 1854, when the town of Simoda, in Japan, was destroyed and a tidal wave in the harbor overwhelmed. The waves were recorded on the self-acting tide gauges then used on the Pacific coast.

—Sixteen volcanoes have appeared in the Strait of Sunda, causing death and destruction.

—The constitutional party in Colombia has put down a rebellion.

—The Freethinkers commenced their annual session at Rochester, N. Y., Wednesday, with about eight hundred delegates present.

—Engineer Hall, of the Wabash Railway was killed Wednesday near Clifton, Mo., his engine being derailed by striking a cow.

—A Corean embassy, composed of men of high rank, has been appointed to live in Washington.

—Atlantic City, N. J., was visited on Wednesday by an unprecedentedly high tide, which swept away more than half the business portion of the island, invading houses, where, in both houses, the Fourth was entertained that the next tide would entail additional destruction. At Nova Scotia a tempest raged which it was feared would prove disastrous to shipping in that vicinity. The sea was unusually high at Newport, R. I.

—A grindstone burst while on trial in a Richmond (Va.) factory, and one flying fragment killed a negro who stood thirty feet distant.

—The World's Arbitration League passed resolutions favoring a world's exposition of art and industry in 1892.

—Senator Sherman has stated to personal friends that under no circumstances will he be a candidate for the Presidency.

—The loss by the Williamsport (Pa.) fire reaches $600,000.

—A loss of $200,000 and the injury of firemen by fire is reported from San Antonio, Texas.

—The French Commissioners to the Boston Exposition called upon Mayor Ellson and told him that Bartholdi's statue of Liberty would be ready for delivery by the 1st of January next.

—Judgment at losing a suit at law, Jacob Oldenberger killed his opponent, Jacob Brush, a man named Campbell, and himself, with a revolver, in Indianapolis.

—William Henry Jones (colored) was hanged in Raleigh, N. C., on Monday, for the murder of Alvis H. Blake, a deputy sheriff, in February, 1882. The spectators—ninety in number—were greatly moved by the religious fervor of the culprit, who confessed his guilt, admitted the justice of his punishment and asserted his penitence, exhorting all to lives of godliness.

—The New York city Superintendent of School Buildings under the Board of Education, reports that he will have about one hundred and twenty-seven public schools ready for the reception of pupils this fall, at the opening after their return from their vacation.

—The distribution of new two-cent postage stamps will begin on September 1.

—The Garfield Memorial Hospital is progressing to completion and will be opened in a few weeks.

—An attempt to stop fox hunting at Newport will be made by the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Society.

—At Colquitt, Ga., on Sunday night a number of masked men overpowered the guard at the Miller County Jail and, effecting an entrance, shot and killed Lewis Warren, a negro prisoner charged with assaulting a white lady.

—At Milwaukee, on Monday, rats were found eating the corpse of a wife and mother, who, it is believed, had died of starvation.

—Six or seven naval cadets on the practice ships are under charges of cheating.

—Two young men were instantly killed in a tunnel near Peekskill while reading a ride on top of a train on the Hudson River Railroad.

—Claims aggregating about $5,500,000 have been filed at the Treasury Department for rebate of tax on tobacco.

—General Crook forcibly argues in favor of strictly keeping faith with the Chiricahua prisoners, who surrendered under the condition that they are not to be held responsible for their warlike acts while a hostility.

—A committee of war veterans has prepared a memorial to be presented to the wife of General G. K. Warren, vindicating that officer's course through the war.

—At Macon city, Mo., one wealthy citizen murdered another, who it is alleged had tempted his sister and then, after being forced to marry her, had begun suit to set the marriage aside.

—The loss to farmers in Olmsted Co., Minn., by the recent cyclone, is estimated at $200,000. Two more deaths of injured persons have occurred at Rochester.

—Fire broke out in a tenement house at Boston, Mass., by which five lives were lost and two persons severely injured. The origin of the fire is not known.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

—The Dutch exploring steamer Varna was caught in the ice and foundered on July 4, in latitude 71½ north, longitude 53 east. The members of the expedition were rescued near the island of Waigats.

—The Russian forces among the Tekke-Turkomans number 18,500 men.

—The London Home Office is said to have concurred the Queenstown officials for failing to secure the safety of James Carey.

—The captain of a steamer which was in the Strait of Sunda during the recent volcanic eruptions in Java, reports that ashes fell on the deck of his vessel to the depth of eighteen inches, and that he passed masses of floating pumice stone seven feet in depth. It is estimated that 40,000 persons lost their lives at Tyringan, and that the total number of people killed by the eruptions and tidal waves was 50,000.

—Sir [illegible] was arrested in Glasgow one day last week, charged with the explosion in that city in January last.

—Severe measures are proposed to put a stop in Hungary to the outrages on the Jews.

—A collision occurred in the English Channel between the French steamer St. Germain and the steamer Woodhaven from Mairas to London. The latter vessel sank, and the captain, steward of the crew and one passenger were drowned.

—The steamer Palermo and the steamer Revoli collided off Ushant. The latter vessel sank and five persons were drowned.

—The conductor of an excursion train near Scranton, Pa., killed a young man on Thursday, by pushing him off a train going at a speed of thirty miles per hour.

—A passenger train on the Philadelphia and Atlantic City Railroad (narrow gauge) was thrown from the track and wrecked at the latter place on Thursday morning. The accident was caused by the switch becoming loose and displaced. More than a score of persons were injured.

—One hundred cattle from Canada suspected of being diseased were killed at Liverpool on Thursday.

—The Hon. Alexander Mackenzie and Mr. Greenway that Canada would soon return to free trade.

—The French have consented and occupied the forts at the mouth of the Hue River and sent an ultimatum to the Annamite capital. In the engagement the French had about twenty wounded, and the Annamites over 500.

—The Irish National League at the London Convention will demand self-government for Ireland.

—It is reported that Henry M. Stanley has joined the upper Congo to commerce.

—Cholera is said to have broken out in Bamastra.

—The court-martial in Alexandria has sentenced thirteen culprits, who were charged with having organized the massacre, to be hanged opposite the police station, and two to fourteen years' and six to five years' penal servitude.

—Mr. Parnell says that the bulk of the English members of the House of Commons have conceded that home rule is necessary for Ireland.

—The Soukim rebels have offered their submission to the Egyptian government.

—The King of Siam having intended to ask for a French protectorate, the King of Abyssinia has declared war against him.

—Although order has been restored at Kyeresg, Hungary, the scene of the late attack upon the Jews, all the shops in the place are still closed. The Jewish families have fled from the town and trade and traffic are suspended. Martial law has been proclaimed. The troops there have been reinforced.

—The coffin plate of the Count de Chambord was inscribed "Henry the Fifth."

—The Case and Cearins of Russia, with the rest of the royal family, have sailed from Cape for Copenhagen.

—Richards, Power & Co., shipowners and commission agents, of London, England, have failed. Their liabilities are £250,000.

—The cholera is subsiding in Egypt.

—Great anti-Jewish riots are reported in Russia and Hungary.

—There have been renewed riots against Hungarians in Croatia.

—The Governor of Salonica, who was recently captured by brigands, has been rescued.

—The Portuguese Crown Prince is said to be engaged to the daughter of the Austrian Emperor.

—A number of infected Canadian cattle were slaughtered at Liverpool.

—There has been a great eruption on a volcanic island near Java.

—The Emperor of Annam has yielded to the demands of the French, agreeing to the establishment of a protectorate, the payment of the war expenses and the recall of the troops from Tonquin.

—The Queen of Madagascar is reported to have died on July 13.

—O'Donnell's plea is that he shot Carey in self-defence. He said to the magistrate:—"I am not guilty of wilful murder. The killing was done in self-defence. Carey drew a revolver from his right hand pocket and I snatched it and shot him."

—Dr. Ginsburg, in a report to the managers of the British Museum, declares that the Shapira manuscript of the Book of Deuteronomy is a forgery.

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THAT WINTER'S WOOD.

Still Arp's Winter-wood Sentiments will be Appreciated by the Women Folks.

Now is the time to get up the winter's wood. The crop is laid by and there is no pressure of farm work and so I took three of the colored tenants and went to the woods to clear a little piece of new ground, and I and the little chaps made another load. I wanted them to pile up the big chips, but the little rascals found a high land terrapin and it took us pretty much all the morning to investigate him and see how he shut up his doors and they would have to wait on him a half an hour to see him open and poke his head out of the front door and his tail out behind. In the evening they found an old stump about ten feet high with a hole near the top and they had to investigate that, and Carl climbed while Jesse pushed, and just as he got up to the hole a couple of flying squirrels came out and scared 'em so bad they both tumbled down in a bunch, and the squirrels sailed away to the first of another tree and run up it, and then sailed off again to an old beech that was full of holes, and the little chaps hollered and whooped and threw'd sticks and shouted amain', and now they are begging me to cut down the old beech and have just a lot of fun, and I reckon I will have to do it. Uncle Remus says that a terrapin is a mighty slow traveler, and I always thought he was, but Jack Henderson says that that depends on how hungry he is. He says when he sees a boy he saw a terrapin take a running start and jump ten feet up a tree after a sap-sucker. Jack says we may believe it or not, just as we please, and I was grateful to him for that privilege. I overheard one of the old darkies singing a little song to the children, and he said:

De frog he jump and he jump and he jump,
But de terrapin kin beaten in every
De rabbit he run across and across
De fox he run round and round de groun
De squirrel make nest in de forked tree,
But de terrapin carry his house wid him.

I must get Uncle Remus after that nigger and have him investigated. Maybe he knows something about this sap-sucker business, and while these lawmakers are investigating the department of agriculture I would like for them to investigate Remus and the terrapin.

Well, we cut wood and cut wood, and have got thirty cords piled up—ash, and hickory, and white oak, and beech, all mixed up; and we are going to have the biggest and hottest fires this winter you ever saw. I don't like to be stingy of wood; when company comes in of a winter night, and the cold wind is singing around, I want the wood heady and dry, and I can say, "Sleigh, bring in another stick of wood, and make the fire set round." I don't like for folks to have to crowd a fire. I want the fire to crowd them. The winter wood ought to be cut now, for it seasons right and will not burn soggy and black. The winter's light wood ought to be hauled in time, and split up and put away under cover. There is a power of comfort in plenty of light wood. The ash wood makes a pretty fine and burns fine, but the hickory beats 'em all for the hottest and throws out the most heat. The beech burns to a white ash like flour, and when you mix up oak with all those it is a luxury to to see the glowing embers dancing to a white heat underneath, and the children can pry their corn or roast their potatoes, or the good wife can make a pot of coffee on the trivet and toast some light bread and broil a steak over the coals, and we can sit round and get the odor and enjoy the presence of good things that we see in reason. There are lots of comforts around an old fashioned fire in a farmer's home, and, so far as I am concerned, I am content with 'em. —*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.*

JAVA'S CANOPY OF FIRE.

A DEADLY RAIN FROM TWO-THIRDS OF HER FORTY-FIVE VOLCANOES.

Towns and Villages Overwhelmed by the Lava or the Sea—Thousands of Lives Destroyed—The Eruptions Still in Progress.

The latest advices from Batavia, the capital of Java, show that the volcanic eruptions in that island are much more serious than at first indicated. The disturbances began on the island of Krakatoa, in the Strait of Sunda, about fifteen miles off the coast of Java. The deep rumblings were distinctly audible at Serang and Batavia, about forty-five and twenty-two miles off respectively. Little alarm was felt at first, but within a few hours showers of stones began to fall at Juggakarta, Sourabaya, and Semarang. All through the night showers of red hot rocks and ashes fell, making complete darkness in all those towns. In Batavia there was an occasional fall, and it was different to keep the street lights burning in the European quarter. By the next morning all communication with Anjer was cut off, all the bridges having been destroyed by the descending rock and ashes and the road rendered impassable.

The first eruptions were on Saturday night. On Sunday morning the disturbance had extended beneath the waters of the strait, and they were seen boiling and hissing violently, while great waves dashed upon the Javanese shores, and the temperature of the sea went up nearly twenty degrees. Even as far away from the original point of disturbance as Madura, more than 500 miles, the furious waves were lashed into mountains of foam as they came rolling in.

The Gunung Tengger has not had an eruption before since the year 1880, when an extent of land seventeen miles long and seven broad was completely covered with the white sulphurous mud on position to eruptions of this kind. The peak of Gunung Tengger is 6,000 feet above the sea, and the monument of flame on top of this made a scene of wonderful grandeur. Every moment a huge boulder at a red or white heat would be hurled from Tengger's crater with terrific force, and, after going hundreds of feet into the air, would fall back with a whirr, crashing through the thatched roof of some Chinese fisherman's hut or crushing beneath its huge mass the body of some native peasant. Tengger's flames appeared to be those of the mountains, and here and there in the valleys there came great revering chasms. On the elevated plains of Kediri and Bandong the showers of stones, mud, and lava were not so frequent as in the lower portions of the island, but were still destructive.

Much of the northern portion of the island, which was covered with tracts of woods, was soon in one great blaze. The rocks and lava poured down in streams, and set the trees on fire, and the giants of the woods fell one after another, like so many sheaves of wheat before a gale. As the eruptions increased in frequency and violence the disturbance of the waters surrounding the barren coast became more and more violent. Here the waves rushed in terrific force up the steep, rocky incline, breaking up on the overhanging crags and receding rapidly, leaving a lava flow scorched just at the moment when it was about to fall over a precipice, and there remaining, quickly hardened by contact with the water, and forming distinct strata of black and bright red, purple and brown, all thrown about in the most eccentric manner, while huge peaks of basalt rose at frequent intervals.

There the waves came whelming over a marshy plain along the shore, suddenly engulfing a hamlet of fishermen's rude houses and sampans, and then as suddenly swept away almost every vestige of what a moment before had been a scene of bustling activity. What a few hours before were fertile valleys, covered with flourishing plantations of coffee, rice, sugar, indigo, or tobacco, the staples of the island, were now but mud, stone, and lava—covered fields of destruction and ruin. Probably not a single crop in Java will be saved.

At the entrance to Batavia was a large group of houses overlooking along the shore and occupied by Chinamen. This portion of the city was entirely swept away, and of the twenty-five thousand Chinese who lived on this swampy plain it is hardly probable that more than five thousand managed to save their lives. They stuck to their homes till the waves came that washed them away, fearing the torrents of the flame and the lava of the interior more than the torrents of water. Of the three thousand five hundred Europeans and Europeans in Batavia perhaps eight hundred perished. It is impossible to make any estimate of the great pecuniary loss. Many of the farmers in the higher parts of the city were demolished. The Exchange and the military hospitals suffered great damage.

At Anjer the European and American quarter was first overwhelmed by rocks, mud and lava from the crater, and then the waters came up and overwhelmed the ruins, leaving nothing to mark the site, and causing the loss of somewhere in the neighborhood of 200 lives of the inhabitants and those who tried to find a refuge there.

Bantam, once a prosperous native city, but practically abandoned by Europeans many years ago, was entirely covered by the water, and there must have been from 1,200 to 1,500 people drowned there. The island of Sarung, just off this coast, was completely overwhelmed, and not a vestige remains on it to tell the tale of disaster and death.

At Cheribon there was no great flood of waters, but the loss of life and property by the falling of rocks and the flow of lava must have been considerable.

Buitenzorg suffered very seriously, as did Samarang, Jogjakarta, Sourabaya and Sourabaya, while the meagre reports from the lesser towns indicate that their fate was but little more fortunate.

Thousand Temples at Brambanan were very much damaged, and some of them destroyed. Some of the domes of the noted temple of Borobodo were crushed in by huge falling rocks.

While there can be no accurate estimate formed at present of the loss of life it must be apparent, when it is considered that the island has a population of more than 16,000,000, that the death list will foot far up into the thousands. At the last advices, the eruptions were continuing, although their violence had abated somewhat, and it is feared that the end of the disaster will show it to have been one of the most frightful ever known in the history of its kind.

A Denial.

A person who describes himself as a "descendant of Lucifer and Godiva" has written to a London newspaper protesting against the Godiva festivity at Coventry. He is indignant that the memory of his fair ancestress and excellent consort should be kept alive, and says a statue of her husband, which, as he says, is "a disgrace to English history." This "descendant" tries to show that Godiva never did ride naked through the marketplace, and that Lucifer, Earl of Mercians, who is spoken of by Mr. Tennyson as the "Grim Earl," was a wise statesman, a loyal subject, and a devoted husband.

A WEALTHY old gentleman who called upon his favorite minister for contribution. "Confound it," replied irascibly, "my hand is never out of my pocket with you all!" "I know it," responded the applicant, humbly, "but cannot you make an exception in this case and take it out?"

AN HISTORIC SEA BATTLE.

The Encounter Between the Enterprise and Boxer on the Main Coast.

The Lincoln county (Me.) *News* publishes this account of the famous fight, given by an old resident of Pemaquid:

"All along the coast the people were scared about the British vessels coming and landing their men to burn the houses, and some of 'em really took to the woods and hid. There were two British vessels cruising off the coast, the Teazeden and Boxer. Well do I remember seeing their boats filled with men pulling past Pemaquid Point, and some one, I don't know who it was, fired three guns at 'em. I was running about the hill here playing. I heard the report and saw the flash, and the smoke drifting away before the wind. The boats fired one shot for into the bushes, and an awful rattling it made.

"One Saturday evening, just after I had driven the cows home, I saw the Boxer coming into John's Bay and anchor just back of the island, between it and Pemaquid Point; and the folks were pretty well scared about it, and some of 'em was nigh going to the woods. But father, who had seen the last of the Revolution, and was a powerful Baptist believer, was not a mite uneasy about the Britisher. On Sunday morning she laid there to an anchor, her black hull shining in the sun. One of her boats with an officer had pulled over to Monhegan. Our folks were so unsettled on account of the vessel that none of 'em went to meeting. I was nigh onto 1 o'clock, and boy-like I was hungry and thinking about my dinner, when all of a sudden they appeared to be in a great hurry aboard the Boxer getting her under weigh, and presently she was standing off the land all sail.

"Climb upon the smoke-house and tell us what you see!" said my father.

"Our house was built on rising ground, and the smoke-house was about fifteen feet high and built of poles. From the top of it I could see all around. Away to the west'd I saw a vessel coming down under all sail, with the stars and stripes flying. I commenced to feel pretty safe then. It was not long before they neared each other and almost at the same time a sheet of flame and smoke burst from their sides, and I could see the water torn up in spray by the shot. The American vessel was a good deal the best sailer, and she out-maneuvered the Boxer. The firing was so rapid that they were soon hid in smoke. Once in a while, through a rift in the cloud, I could catch a glimpse of their tattered sails and rigging. They drifted out toward Monhegan, looking like a cloud of black vapor, from which burst frequent spouts of flame. I guess the folks all forgot dinner and everything else when the deep boom of the guns woke the echoes among the rocks and the windows rattled in their frames. Watching the fight it seemed to be an age, although it only lasted forty-five minutes. I tell you, sir, I have never forgotten that sight, though sixty years have passed," and the old man's withered cheek flushed and his eyes kindled as he spoke.

"By and by the firing slacked and the smoke rolled away to leeward; one of 'em had lost his mainmast head, and sails of both hung in ribbons from the yards. I almost strained my eyes out o' my head to get a glimpse of the colors, but they were too far off to make them out. By seeing 'em drift away to the s'th'd the folks thought the Enterprise was beat. The suspense among us was awful, even the women folk catching their breath with each fresh report of the cannon. Presently I saw them set their courses back, and stand to the west'd; then we felt the Britisher was whipped. I tell you I was a tired boy when I came down off that smoke house, just as if I had worked hard all day chopping kindling wood. I remember Henry Tibbets and his brother David pulled out in a dory from Christmas Cove to see how the fight had gone, but they could get no satisfaction in answer to their hail. It was said that when the Boxer was boarded her decks were slippery with blood, and lumbered up with splintered coils of rigging, and bodies of the dying and dead, many of whom had been tossed overboard, just before her colors were hauled down, to conceal their losses.

"I heard that her boat's crew watched the fight from Monhegan, and when her mainstop-mast was shot away one of them exclaimed, "There it goes! and four of our best men with it.' Mind, that's only what folks told around, but what I saw I know, and I've tried to tell you about the fight just as I saw it."

The Cranberry Growers.

VALUABLE PAPERS READ IN REFERENCE TO THE CULTIVATION OF THE FRUIT.

At the annual convention of the American Cranberry Growers' Association in Camden, N. J., the President stated in his annual address, which was in regard to insecticides, that there were no new articles for this use are now being tested by him, one of which in particular it is thought will prove a sure preventive of insect pests which destroy the cranberries. This was discovered by John B. Smith, of Brooklyn, and when sufficient tests have been made the members of the association will be fully informed of its value. The value of pruning the vines to increase the yield was favorably commented upon. Late flowing and the hogs for killing insects was also favored. The statistician of the association, N. R. French, of New York, reported that the entire crop of 1882 was 307,282 bushels, of which 115,458 were marketed in New York, against 126,677 in 1881. During the last three seasons prices have fallen lower in the spring than in the preceding December. He read a list of estimates of the crop of the present year from a large number of bogs, which is subject to the many variations of such crop. He inferred from the estimate that the prices will be fair, and will be improved by the light apple crop. They will not be so good, however, as those of last year. Full and trustworthy estimates, he thought, may be had by Nov. 1, when they can be distributed to the members of the association. He said he had succeeded in getting cranberries in the list of fresh fruits for London, the arrivals of which at New York are reported daily at the Mercantile Exchange rooms.

Sober Second Thoughts.

True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation.

Children are travelers newly arrived in a strange country, we should therefore make considerate not to mislead them.

Great trees, as fig-trees, make shade for others, and stand themselves in the glowing heat of the sun. They bear fruits for others, not for themselves.

The true friendship between two friends in solitude, are fathers in matters of duty, they are mothers to those who are in distress, they are a repose to the traveler in the wilderness.

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny.

Time was from Turnpin, says the Buffalo *Express*, and was speaking orderly of her house. "You see how she's only three Dominion towns are growing." "Oh, I think I have," replied the Buffalo friend. "Able class of people, too. Read every day of lots of bank cashiers and the like going over there to stay."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

NEITHER THE PENALTY of expulsion recently inflicted for hazing at West Point nor the equal severity with which this offence has in former years been treated at Annapolis has wholly eradicated it among the naval cadets. The Constellation and Dale, on their return from their practice trips, bring back a number of midshipmen charged with the offence. The stupid and often barbarous custom of hazing seems to be kept alive at the two academies mainly by the notion that it is incumbent on cadets of the present day to do as their predecessors have done. It is a cowardly practice, almost invariably involving the attack of many upon one.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA moves in a mysterious way, not only in his own dominions, but also when he leaves them. It is surprising that he reached Copenhagen on a visit to his father-in-law, the King of Denmark. No announcement has been made of his leaving St. Petersburg, and no account had been given of the time or circumstances of his departure. All the millions of his subjects, excepting a very few favored persons, will be astonished when they hear of his being beyond the frontier of his empire. But he doubtless knows that it is safer for him to travel in a mysterious way than in any other.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK is larger than Delaware and Rhode Island combined—being 52 miles wide by 65 long, and embracing 3,575 square miles. It lies mainly in the northwestern corner of Wyoming, but includes a thin strip of Idaho on the west and Montana on the west and north. The body of it is between 110 and 111 degrees west longitude, and 44 and 45 degrees north latitude. The lowest elevation in the park is 6,000 feet above sea level, and its highest mountain peak rises to 10,000 to 12,000 feet. It is an immense table land, with a surface broken into mountain ranges, gorges, canyons and valleys.

A WRITER DESCRIBING THE peon systems of Mexico. The Mexicans, he says, especially the less favored classes, are inveterate gamblers, who risk nearly every cent they can get in games of chance. This failing results in many of them becoming virtually serfs. A man borrows a small sum—say $3 or $4—with which to try his luck at the gaming table. He loses and is unable to repay the money. He is arraigned, the debt is proved, and he is sentenced to work for the lender till the amount of his obligation is paid. By the time he has liquidated the original debt, he has contracted three or four others, and he belongs to his creditor almost as much as the creditor's horse or cow. His death does not cancel his debts; his wife or his children must labor till the money is returned. This is said to be the reason why peons do not run away after contracting debts.

IF SAMS KEE AND WAH, Moys Wing and Dock, and Moh Tom, the five Chinamen imprisoned in New Jersey, who claim that the cutting off of their queues when they were admitted into the jail was illegally severing them from religious privileges, could maintain this point in their suit, there might be queer changes in prison management, says the New York *Sun*. We should, perhaps, find some convicts professing Quaker peculiarities who would insist on wearing their hats when they pleased, and Shaker burglars needing to dance religious jigs. Anti-organ Presbyterians might cry aloud for a chaplain who would preach to them against organ music, while the Seventh Day Baptists would probably sweep the penitentiaries by a tremendous majority, as a large portion of the inmates would develop conscientious scruples against working on Saturday.

IN THE SPRING OF 1880 the ground upon which Albuquerque, New Mexico, now stands was a marsh intersected by irrigating ditches. To-day there stands on this ground a bustling city of over 9,000 people. It is in Bernalillo county, about 950 miles from Kansas City, and is the eastern terminus of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad. The city is named in honor of the Duke of Albuquerque, and the old town, old Albuquerque it is called to distinguish it from the modern Albuquerque, situated one mile and a half distant, was one of the early Spanish settlements. The proper pronunciation is Albukerkey, but the natives and the people of this part of the country call it Albukirk. No town in the West, except Leadville, has developed more rapidly. The country has 3,000,000 sheep, and in 1882 Albuquerque shipped 2,500,000 pounds of wool.

A CORRESPONDENT WRITES THAT Alaska is a Territory in name only. The only civil authorities vested with authority are the Collector of Customs in Sitka and his two deputies. If a trader is caught selling liquor to Indians, he is taken to San Francisco for trial, if tried at all. If convicted, he may be fined $500; but the expenses of securing his conviction are three or four times that amount. A lawyer once said: "They bring a ten-cent Indian down to San Francisco and give him a thousand-dollar trial, all for doing the Territory a favor by killing the worst white man in it." The people of Alaska have asked for a better system of government. They say that man-of-war government may have done well enough for the first few years after the transfer from Russia, but their needs are far greater now.

THE BIG TIMBER RAFT that was towed from St. John's, N. B., to New York by two tugs was 800 feet long and 90 feet wide. It drawn over eight feet of water. It is divided into eleven cargoes, or sections, of about 500 sixty-five-feet spiling logs each. The cargoes are cribs into which the logs were rolled and stored. Over and around the sections great chains were wound. Between each cargo there is a wide space to allow free working of the raft in a rough sea. The cargoes weigh about 250 tons each, and it would have cost about $25,000 to bring them to New York city by sailing vessels, as the boats engaged in this kind of transportation demanded extra pay on account of the size of the raft. Captain Ellis said that the plan of tug towing will be generally employed next season, and, he thinks, will eventually succeed the sailing vessel trade, but vessel owners say that the trip is dangerous, and one lost raft will discourage the work.

NEW YORK papers delight in speaking of Boston and its people and institutions as "provincial," but we haven't observed that they have applied that term to our John Sullivan.—*Boston Post.*

Flying From Home.

The police detectives are searching for one young girl who has fled from home, and have just captured another in a New York concert-saloon. An old detective was asked if many complaints of this kind reached headquarters. "Yes," he answered, "a great many, but not so many as there might be." This was puzzling and an explanation was asked. "Many young girls of poor and dissipated parents drift away from them without ever being inquired after. Where do they go? Usually from poverty, which they have long endured, to the shame they have become familiar with by contact with the dissolute women they have grown to envy. The parents know well enough what the girl's disappearance means, and either do not search for her or do so only to demand help from her. As such cases they do not seek or desire police aid or interference." "And of those recaptured and reclaimed?" "Well, we either never hear of them again or very soon the same old story is repeated to us." As a rule detectives are inclined to take the darkest views of life, and it is to be hoped this one was no exceptional character.—*New York Tribune.*

A BOOK agent named Jos Smyth,
Was put out and hurt by a jerk,
He says as a cure,
St. Jacobs Oil is sure,
And all times to get in its work.

A lightning-rod man in St. Paul,
From a house had a serious fall,
Though battered and bruised,
He said when he used
St. Jacobs Oil—"it simply beats all."

THERE ARE MANY whose friends are more to be pitied than their worst enemies.

Yours truly, **Sufferer.**

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.—I have a friend who suffered terribly. I purchased a bottle of your "Favorite Prescription," and, as a result of its use, she is perfectly well.

J. BAILEY, Bartlett, N. Y.

DR. PIERCE'S "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" purify the blood and cure constipation.

THE qualities we possess never make us so ridiculous as those we pretend to have.

"We know heart disease can be cured, why? Because thousand say they have used Dr. Agnew Heart Cure, who, and know it does cure."—*Agnewites Nous.* $1 per bottle at druggists.

How many things hath he to repent of that lives long?

That Husband of Mine

Is three times the man he was before he began using Wells' Hair Renewer. $1. Druggists.

SHARPERS are not facts. Sharpshoes which may be trusted need not be mistrusted.

If you are bilious, take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the original "Little Liver Pills." Of all druggists.

Always loanly—Borrowers.

Gastrine.

The hygiene of quackery has done more to aggravate dyspepsia by self-inflicted starvation than gluttony ever did. GASTRINE cures the worst forms of dyspepsia.

A man in a passion rides a horse that runs away with him.

Vigor, strength and health, all found in one bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters.

WHAT WE KNOW here is very little, but what we are ignorant of is immense.

PURE blood helps to make a clear conscience. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood. Enough said. Send us a big bottle.

WHERE children are, there is the golden age.—Novalis

Skinny Men.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility. $1.

MEN make laws—women make manners.

OUR pair of boots saved me every year by using Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel & Toe Plates.

WHEN the judgment's weak
The prejudice is strong.

HUNTSVILLE, Ala.—Dr. J. T. Ridley says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is a good appetizer and merits attention from sufferers."

A WEAK MAN will say more than he does, a strong man will do more than he says.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N.Y.: *Dear Sir*—For many months I was a great sufferer. Physicians could afford me no relief. In my despair I commenced the use of your "Favorite Prescription." In a few weeks I received my entire and permanent cure. Yours thankfully,

MRS. PAUL R. BAXTER, Iowa City, Ia.

Good News from Texas.

MR. THOMAS A. HOWARD, of Honey Grove, Fannin County, Texas, under date of April 5, 1880, writes as follows:

"I have been suffering during several years from severe illness, and a general breaking down of my physical system, and have tried the treatment and prescriptions of many doctors far and near, and traveled to the Hot Springs and other mineral springs famous for their wonderful healing, drinking the waters and bathing spasmodically in their healing depths, but all to no avail, as I steadily failed in health, and although informed by my physicians that my symptoms and ailments were the result of kidney disease of a dangerous character, they could give me nothing to cure me. During the past two years my sufferings at times were dreadful, and I had the most unbearable pains in the regions about the kidneys, the paroxysms of which were so severe as to cause me to scream with pain in sleep. While in this deplorable and discouraged condition I was induced to try Hunt's Remedy, and after using less than half a bottle my great sufferings and pain were entirely relieved, and I could sleep the night through, which I had in two years before, and although I am now on my third bottle only my improvement is very remarkable, and I regret that I did not know of your wonderful and powerful cure for Hunt's Remedy before, as it would have saved me years of suffering. I heartily recommend it to all afflicted with any kidney disease or disease of the urinary organs."

"HIS MY CASE EXACTLY."

Please allow me to speak in the highest terms of Hunt's Remedy, for it hit my case exactly. I had kidney and urinary trouble pretty bad. I was recommended Hunt's Remedy, bought one and used only in Hunt's Remedy before, as it would have saved me years of suffering. I heartily recommend it to all afflicted with any kidney disease or disease of the urinary organs.

ROBERT D. ARCHER,
611 Lunard Street, Philadelphia.

March 14, 1883.

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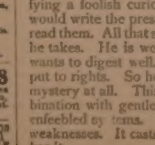
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